

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,562

NOVEMBER 4, 1899

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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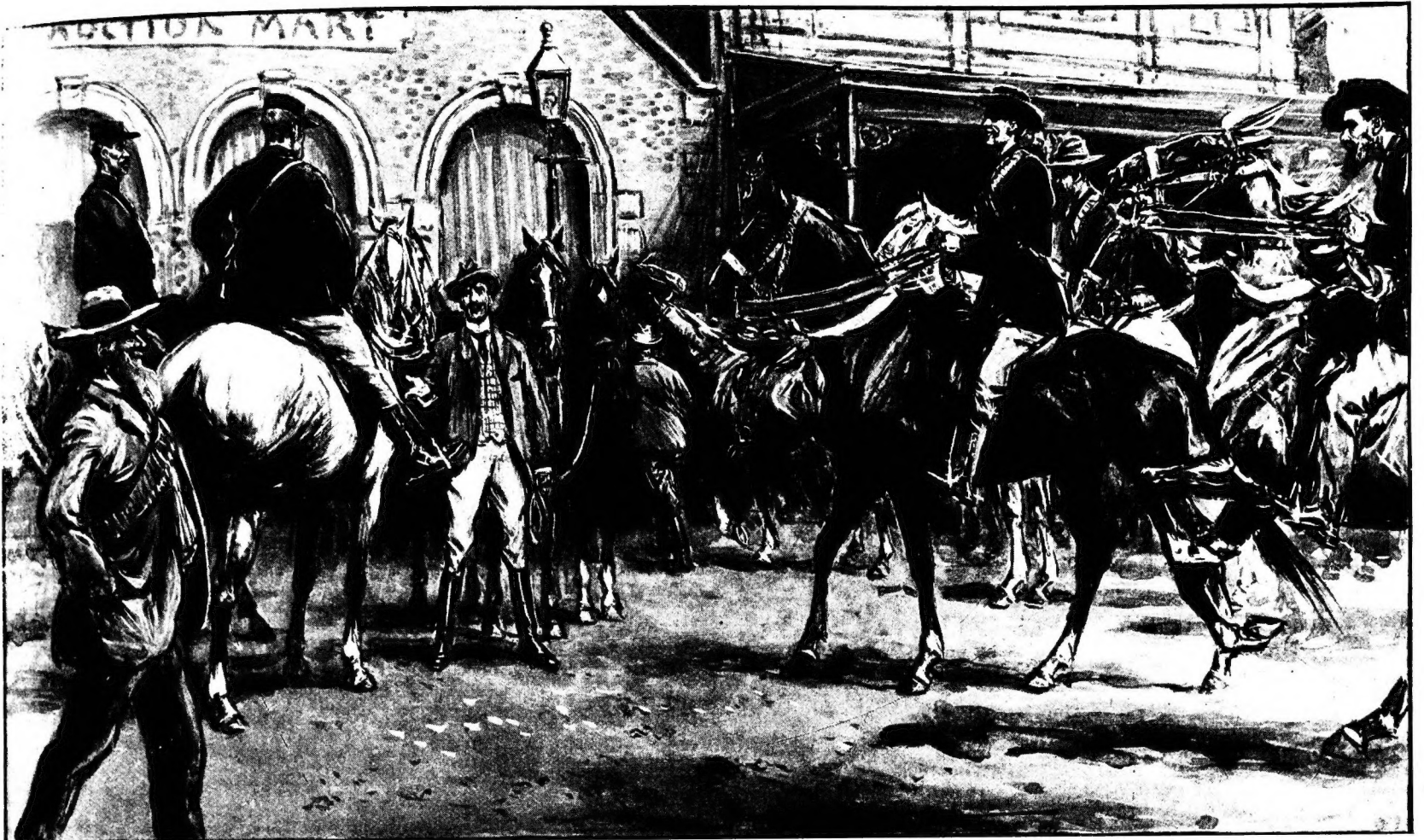
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1, 1902--VOL. LX.
Registered as a Newspaper] EDITION
 DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1899

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS
The War and Map of the First Three Battles

PRICE NINEPENCE
 By Post, 9½d.

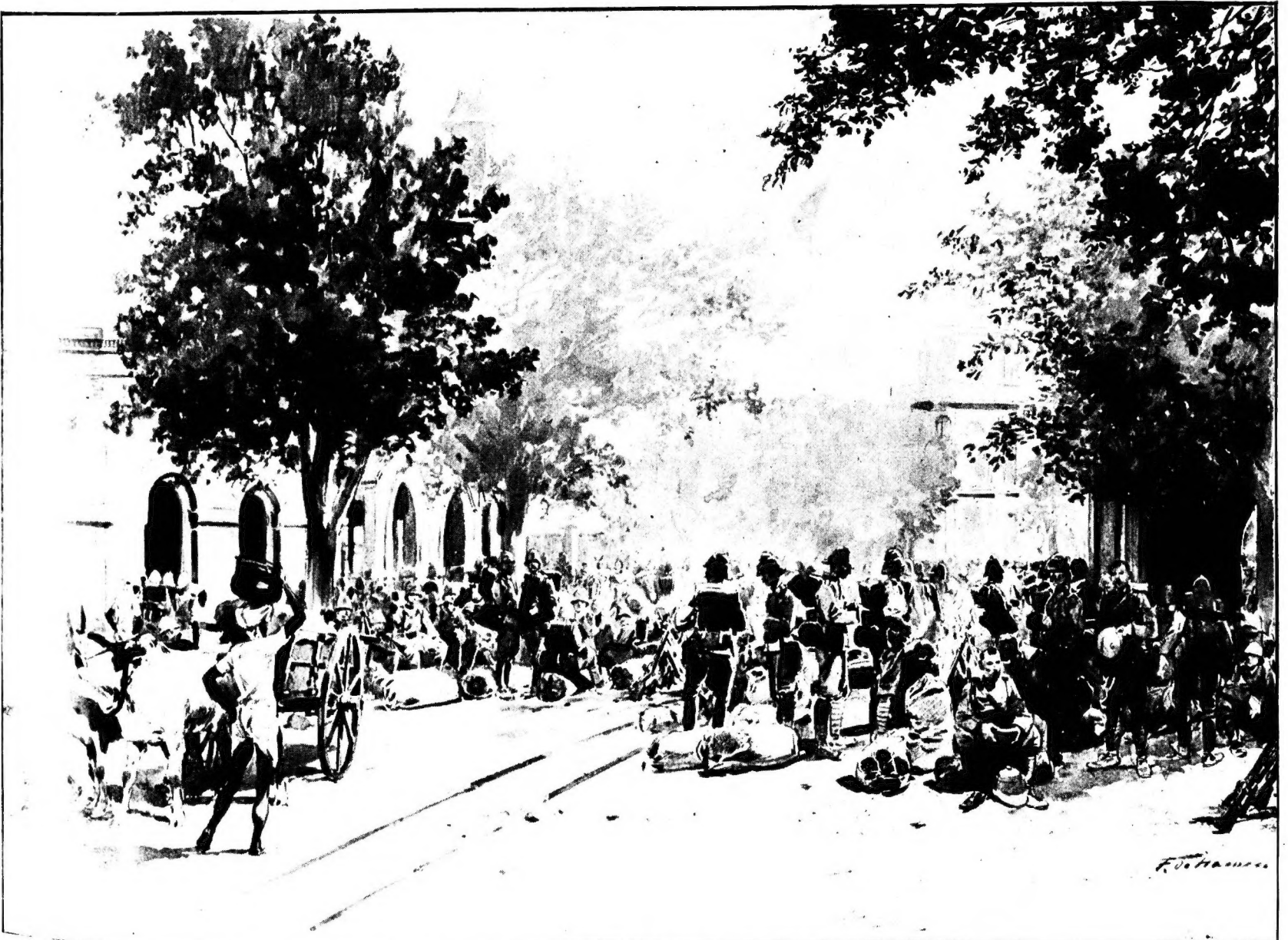


DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SLENCE

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICE M. YATES

The Boer mobilisation was very rapid. In many cases the men did not wait to be commandeered, but proceeded spontaneously to the front. For transport and commissariat, horses, cattle, bicycles, and goods were commandeered. The great bulk of the population left Johannesburg when war seemed inevitable, taking very little with them. To seize the property of Uitlanders must have been a great delight to the Boers.

ONE EFFECT OF THE WAR IN JOHANNESBURG: COMMANDEERING HORSES



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. KAPP AND CO., CALCUTTA

THE 2ND KING'S ROYAL RIFLES AT THE GOVERNMENT DOCKYARD AT CALCUTTA: BREAKFAST BEFORE EMBARKING
 OFF TO THE FRONT: THE INDIAN CONTINGENT LEAVING FOR THE FRONT

Topics of the Week

ENGLISHMEN, as a rule, have broad backs and somewhat tough hides. Were it otherwise, the indecent glee with which the news of last Monday's disaster to our arms in South Africa was received on the Continent would cause them serious annoyance. They are strong enough, however, to regard such manifestations of malignity with equanimity, and perhaps with a little wonderment at the intense hatred with which the foreigner is good enough to regard this country. It may be interesting, though it is perhaps scarcely worth while, to inquire into the origin of this hatred. There is really very little mystery about it. The English Radical, who declares it is all the fault of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, and that it is the result of a Fashodaesque policy, speaks with the defects of a short memory and an insufficient acquaintance with history. That his memory is short is proved by the fact that only eighteen months ago his favourite theme was Lord Salisbury's proneness to "graceful concessions." That his knowledge of history is of the flimsiest is shown by the further fact that Germany was just as much hated as we are after 1870, and yet no one doubts that Prince Bismarck was the greatest statesman of our times. Nor was it because Germany had pursued a Fashodaesque policy towards Denmark, Austria and France that she found herself so cordially disliked from end to end of Europe a quarter of a century ago. A Greek philosopher once said that "Censure is a tax which great men pay to society," and the late Count Moltke, in a famous speech in 1872, unconsciously plagiarised this apophthegm when he assured the Reichstag that the uncharitableness with which all Europe was filled in regard to Germany was really envy at the success of German statecraft. So it is with us to-day. The hatred of Europe is an envious tribute to our success, and while we remain the great Empire we are, and show that we are able to hold and extend our heritage, criticism and abuse will be our lot. So much for the permanent basis of foreign Anglophobia. Its especial bitterness at the present moment is, no doubt, due to other causes. These, also, are not difficult to identify. The Transvaal is a great prize, and British patience had led foreigners to hope that it would fall to other hands than ours. Germany had looked with longing upon it from Damaraland; France had nourished similar hopes which had strengthened since her foothold on Madagascar had been secured. Our action now, and the revelation of the fact that we do not intend to turn our backs on our resolution to settle once for all the fate of South Africa below the Zambesi, have shattered these hopes. Foreign disappointment naturally takes refuge in charges of bad faith and piracy against this country—naturally, we say, because the foreigner measures our corn by his own bushel. The authors of the Ems despatch cannot easily be persuaded that we are really the aggrieved party; the organisers of the piratical expedition which hoisted the tricolour at Antananarivo cannot be expected to understand that our diplomatic campaign against the Transvaal was undertaken solely in the interests of a persecuted community of our kinsmen and for the observance of duties which had been deliberately violated. We are, in short, being charged with crimes which are reminiscences of the proceedings of our own detractors in their attempts to satisfy their earth-hunger. Such are the mainsprings of the Anglophobe ravings with which the European Press is now so largely filled. They afford a curious study in what the Germans call *Völkerpsychologie*, but beyond that they need not trouble us. Only very short-sighted students of international politics will allow themselves to be alarmed by these outbursts. And for two reasons: In the first place, European statesmen are not quite so stupid as their journalists; in the second place, we are still quite capable of protecting ourselves.

After Sixty Years
If the new Board of Education is able in 1960 to show such a record of good work well done as that set forth in the last report of the Committee of Council on Education, its now expiring predecessor, the nation will have every reason to be satisfied. That the Committee has sometimes gone wrong during its sixty years of labour is merely another way of saying that it has necessarily been composed of fallible mortals, there being no supply of infallibles on offer. But taking its work as a whole, it must be a very censorious mind that grudges a meed of praise to the controlling body under whose auspices and guidance popular education has made such gigantic strides. True, money has sometimes been spent too profusely, nor can the Committee be acquitted of having given encouragement to educational faddists of various sorts. It is also open to the charge of not always according sympathetic consideration to the poorer class of ratepayers. In these respects and some others the new

Board will, it is to be hoped, improve on the practice of its predecessor. At the same time it should always bear in mind the desire of the nation as a whole to insure an efficient practical education within reasonable limits for every child in the kingdom. There is no occasion to include "accomplishments" in the elementary curriculum, while the teaching of modern languages must necessarily be a waste of time and trouble unless parents are willing to continue such tuition after their children quit school. But there is no reason whatever why the pupils should not be well grounded in commercial knowledge before becoming exempt from farther attendance.

For the Absent-Minded Beggar
HAPPILY, the very liberal support accorded by the nation to the Mansion House Refugees' Relief Fund has not operated detrimentally to the Transvaal War Fund, as seemed not unlikely to occur. On the contrary, public generosity appears to have been stimulated by the first effort to go one better at the second time of asking. Nor is it at London alone that this genuine patriotism is in evidence. All the great centres of population, and even some that have not yet reached greatness, have started subscription lists of their own, and there is keen rivalry among them as to which shall come second to London. In addition, large sums are being collected for local purposes connected with the relief of sufferers by the war as advocated by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley in their joint appeal; in fine, there seem to be no limits to John Bull's willingness to respond to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's call, "Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay." The one desire burning in all minds and hearts is to mitigate the suffering inseparable from war; to prevent it altogether is, of course, impossible. So far as the living soldiers' wives and children are concerned, the public may accept it that their present necessities are provided for. But a far larger sum than that in hand will probably be required to make anything like satisfactory provision for the unhappy widows and orphans. It would be a true office of religion, therefore, for some Sunday to be set apart by ministers of all denominations for a National War Fund collection, the proceeds to be passed on to the Mansion House for distribution.

Germany's Naval Ambition
GERMAN opinion appears to be coming round more and more to the Kaiser's view that if the Fatherland aspires to become a World Power, no time should be lost in creating a really strong Navy. A Colonial Empire, such as that of Great Britain, has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. While it is highly beneficial to the trade of the Mother Country, and enhances her prestige and grandeur in the eyes of other nations, it entails heavy liabilities on taxpayers. Germany is by no means a rich country; the question is, therefore, whether, on the chance of prospective commercial gains, the Kaiser's subjects will be found willing to bear the additional burden which he desires to place on their backs. The cost of the enormous Army which Germany has to maintain is paid without much reluctance, the popular mind recognising it as an insurance against invasion and spoliation. But the Navy is a different matter altogether; it does not need strengthening for defence, while there are many who argue that if it were made as powerful as that of France the Emperor might be tempted to assume the pose of European Dictator. The scheme of augmentation now under earnest discussion has, it must be confessed, a somewhat ambitious look. But the increase of strength would be spread over several years, and "many things might happen" before it reached fulfilment. England, at all events, has no occasion for alarm; with her unrivalled means of quickly building warships, and with her immense wealth and almost limitless supply of seamen, it is not conceivable that Germany should ever be able to seriously contest maritime supremacy with "the Mistress of the Seas."

The Coming World's Fair at Paris
ALTHOUGH somewhat "full-toned" in optimism, the prophetic remarks lately made by Sir Howard Vincent on the Paris Exhibition, and the enthusiastic response they elicited from the Chief Commissioner, do not in the least misrepresent the extent of British sympathy with this greatest of world shows. Not only verbal sympathy, either, but such practical support as comes from exhibiting samples of the very best goods produced in our Empire, and from the personal attendance of representatives of every people and every nationality included among Her Majesty's subjects. Sir Howard Vincent estimates that 150 millions of human beings will visit the show. M. Picard considers that any who do not avail themselves of that inestimable privilege will miss "one of the greatest lessons of humanity." These flights of eloquence are pardonable exaggerations; what we are quite prepared to believe is that the Paris Exhibition of 1900 will far surpass all its predecessors in grandeur, artistic quality, variety, charm, and cosmopolitan attendance. Whether it will usher in a reign of peace and goodwill on earth may be left for the future historian to pronounce; at all events, there already stands to its credit the indisputable fact that but for the near approach of this brilliant carnival, and the burning desire of the whole French people, to make it a complete success, there have been some recent occasions on which the martial spirit of our neighbours might have easily carried them into dangerous and destructive wars.

The Court

ONLY a very small Royal party remains on Deeside at present. The Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her three younger children, are still faithful to Balmoral, but all the other royal homes in the neighbourhood are empty, their occupants having come south for the autumn. Her Majesty herself follows next Friday to settle at Windsor until Christmas brings the usual removal of the Court to Osborne. Little is going on at Balmoral beyond the ordinary routine of daily drives, calls upon the nobles, and excursions, with a few visitors to dinner, but the Queen holds one more Council. Her Majesty watches the fortunes of her troops in Africa with the deepest anxiety and sympathy, sending frequent kindly messages to the relatives of the fallen, apart from the more public recognition of the gallantry shown in the campaign. Her sympathy for Lady Symonds is especially warm. Moreover, the Queen is heartily gratified by the eagerness of the Colonial troops—witness her message to Canada wishing the Dominion troops "God-speed and a safe return."

It is an open secret that the Duke of Connaught would dearly have liked to go to the front in Africa. This being impossible, the Duke has to content himself with seeing off the various regiments in which he takes a special interest. The turn of the 1st Brigade came after the Scots Guards, and as their Colonel, Colonel the Duke, donned the Rifles' dark uniform to go down to Southampton and give his old regiment a hearty send-off. He arrived early to watch the transport arrangements and inspect the troops as they embarked, took a peep at the Ammunition Column, and in one of the dock warehouses, and went all over the place before a farewell lunch with the officers.

Loyalty running especially high at the present time, the Queen's welcome to Bristol on the 15th inst. seems likely to prove particularly enthusiastic. The military element will be most prominent, for the Royal escort will be taken from the Household Brigade, with squadrons of the Gloucester, Wilts and Somerset Yeomanry, while Volunteers and detachments of the various West Country regiments will line the route from the station to the new Jubilee Convalescent Home which Her Majesty comes to open. Of course there is also an address of welcome to come from the Mayor and Corporation. It is enclosed in a beautiful gold casket of Renaissance style, with sunk panels bearing *repoussé* emblems founded upon the groups on the Albert Memorial. At the sides are oval enamel medallions showing views of Bristol.

The Prince and Princess of Wales take up their quarters at Sandringham at the end of this week for the autumn season. For the next two months, accordingly, there will be a succession of house parties, and Sandringham is likely to be a good deal more gay this year than last autumn, when the Princess of Wales was in such deep mourning for her mother. The parties begin next week with a gathering of relations and friends for the Prince's fifty-eighth birthday on Thursday, and in the following week the Prince goes to Nottingham for his long deferred visit to Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey. Before going to Norfolk, the Princess spent a short time in town, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark being with her, and the Duchess of York coming up from Sandringham to York House. As the Princess is always so interested in nursing, she has specially inquired into the arrangements of the Red Cross Society in connection with our African campaign, and received Colonel Young, the organiser of the Society, at Marlborough House, on the eve of his departure for the Cape. The Princess was at the Symphony Concert on Saturday, while Prince and Princess Charles and Princess Victoria have been visiting various places of amusement quite privately, including the Westminster Aquarium. On Tuesday the Princess and her elder daughter went to the Orleans wedding. Both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have been on shooting visits, the Prince staying with Mr. W. H. Jameson at Stowlangtoft, and the Duke with Lord Amherst at Dillingham Hall.

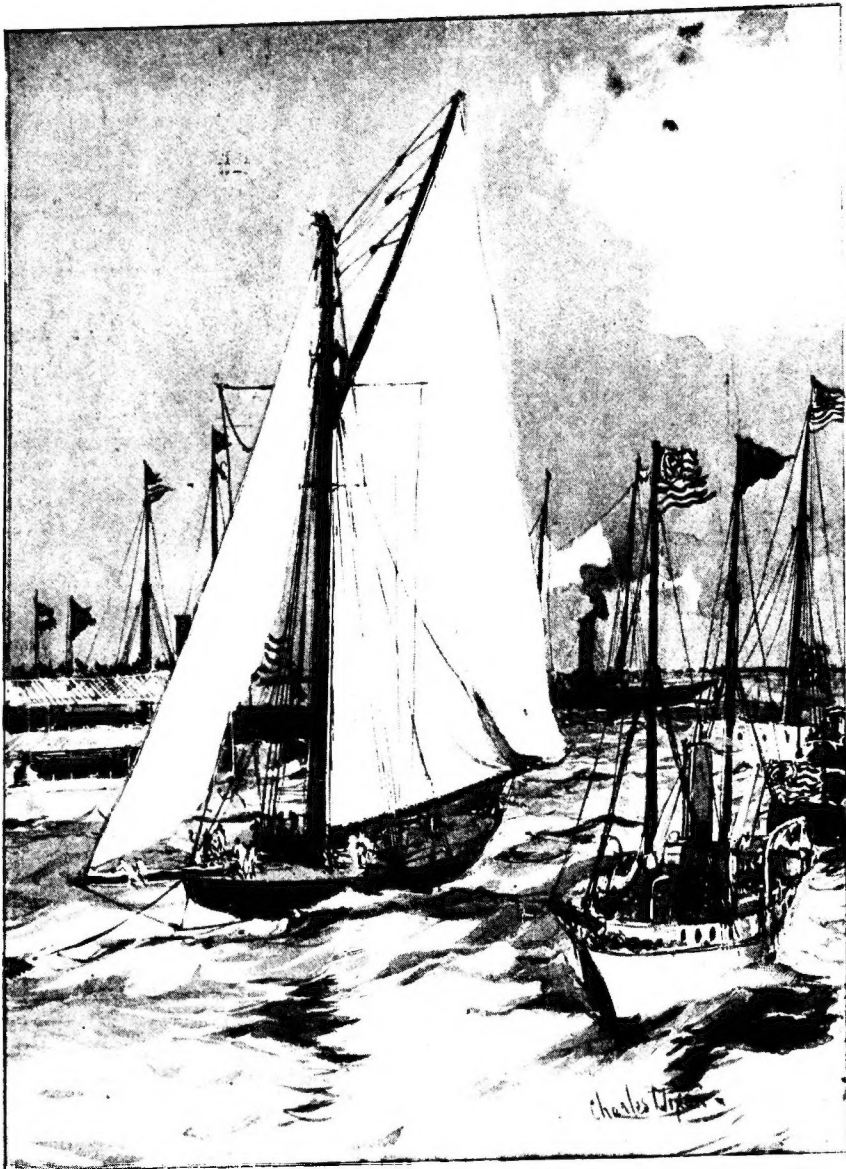
The youngest generation of our Royal House—the Queen's great-grandchildren—are fast growing out of childhood. Next May the young Crown Prince of Germany comes of age—as he attains his legal majority at eighteen—and he will then have his separate establishment in the old castle at Potsdam, where his father lived from the time of his majority until his marriage. The Empress is personally superintending the fitting up of her son's new home, and, like a good German housewife, Her Majesty takes special pride in the kitchens, newly built at the cost of 4,500*l*. Prince William will not spend much time in his Palace at first, however. At the New Year he begins a six months' term of service with the Guards, and later he goes to the Bonn University—following in the footsteps of his father.

Another heir to a throne is on the point of being born—the Crown Prince of Japan. It is not yet decided whether he will make a European tour before his wedding or get married here, but, at all events, a fine new palace is being built in London for the Prince's new household. This palace is quite an innovation for Japan, because it will be built of iron, instead of the traditional wood, and because it will be built of iron, instead of the traditional wood, and because it will be built of iron, instead of the traditional wood. However, the Crown Prince's palace is to be specially planned to resist the shocks which so constantly affect the land of the Chrysanthemum.

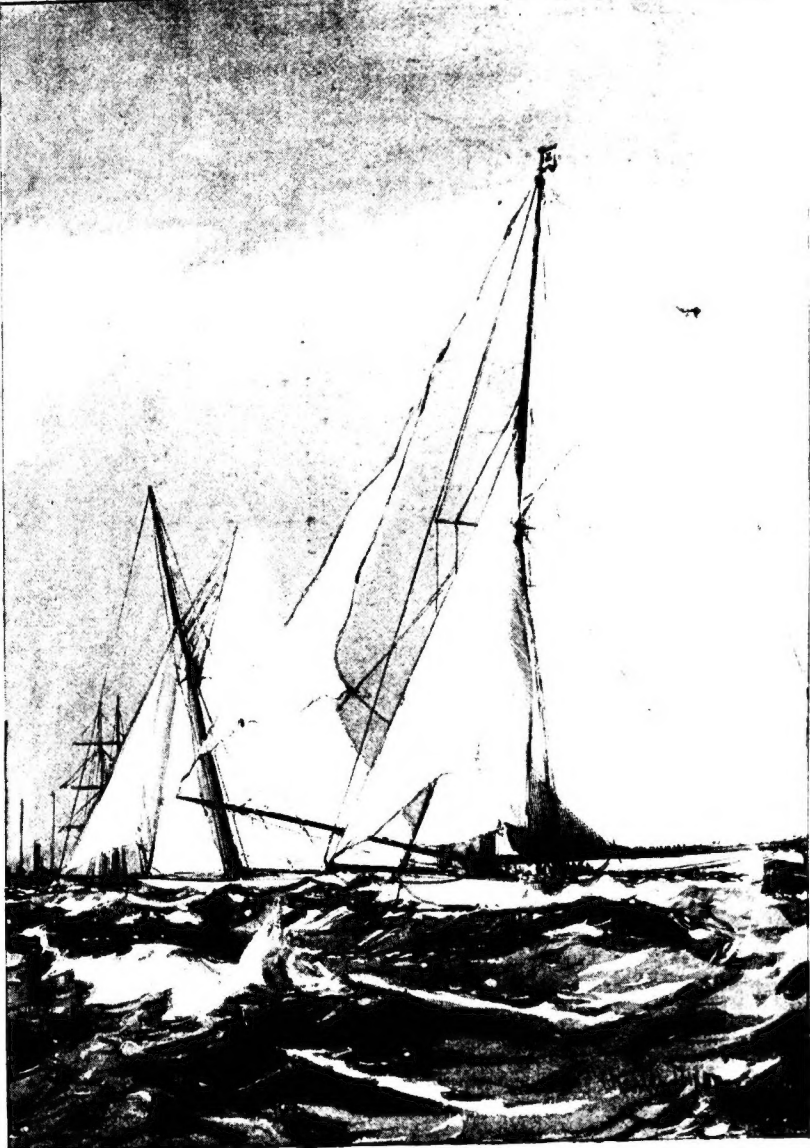
Under present circumstances, the German Emperor has shown considerable tact in sending a message to the King of the Belgians on the eve of their departure for Africa. Emperor William is very proud of his connection with the regiment which he has been colonel, and never forgets to send them a handsome wreath on Waterloo Day, so his kindly words are much appreciated. He asked Colonel Burn-Murdoch to bid the regiment farewell on his behalf, with the hope that all might return "unscathed and well."

The King of Greece always enjoys a long holiday in Athens as summer and autumn, leaving the Crown Prince to act as Regent. After visits to his parents in Denmark, and to his relations in Germany, King George is now in Paris, on the last stage of his tour. He may, perhaps, come over to England to see his sister, the Princess of Wales, before going home. He is as fond of Paris as the Parisians of him, and is a devoted theatre-goer in the evenings.

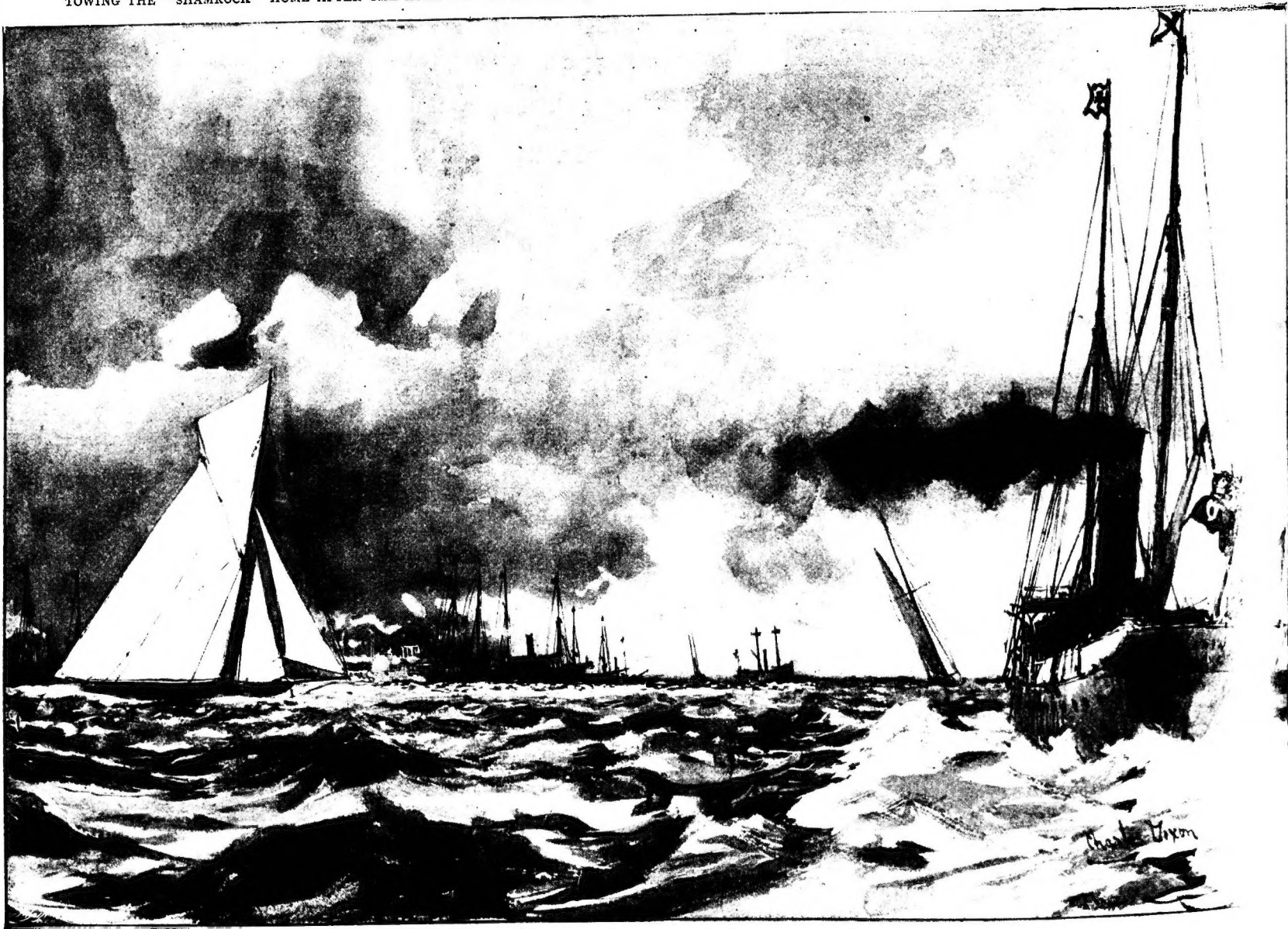
It is a curious coincidence that just as the Orleans family are holding a big family gathering in England, the rival claimants to the French throne, the Bonapartist Princes, should be over here as well. Prince Louis Napoleon has been staying with the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough for some days, and now Prince Victor Napoleon has joined the party. The Empress is not a strong



In the second race the *Shamrock* had her topmast and big topsail carried away, and the *Columbia* won easily TOWING THE "SHAMROCK" HOME AFTER THE ACCIDENT ON OCTOBER 17



Columbia *Shamrock*
THE START FOR THE FINAL RACE, OCTOBER 20



Shamrock

Columbia

THE FINISH OF THE LAST RACE : "COLUMBIA" CROSSING THE LINE THE WINNER OF THE CUP

In the third and final race—the *Columbia* already having won two races—the *Shamrock* led to begin, and a grand struggle between the two yachts was witnessed. On reaching the outer mark the *Columbia* was ahead, and after that steadily increased her lead and finished the winner, the times being :—*Columbia*, 2 h. 40 min. ; *Shamrock*, 2 h. 45 min. 17 sec.

THE CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP: SKETCHES AT THE RACES

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON



THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES. AMERICAN INFANTRY ON THE WAY TO PERES LASMARINAS SURPRISED BY FILIPINOS
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.



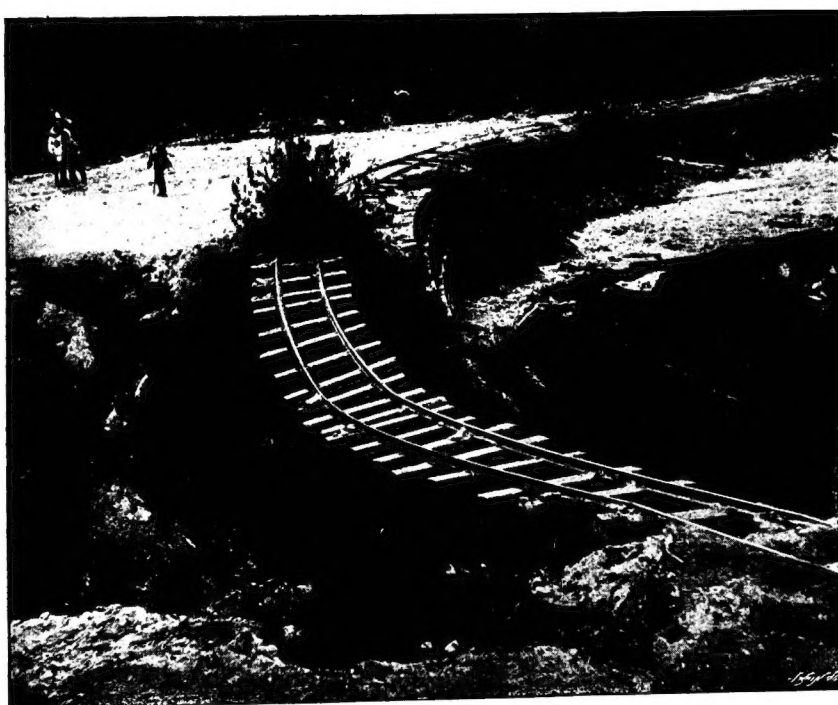
RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF THE POLICE



THE HOUSE IN WHICH FOUR CHILDREN OF THE REV. MR. LEES WERE KILLED



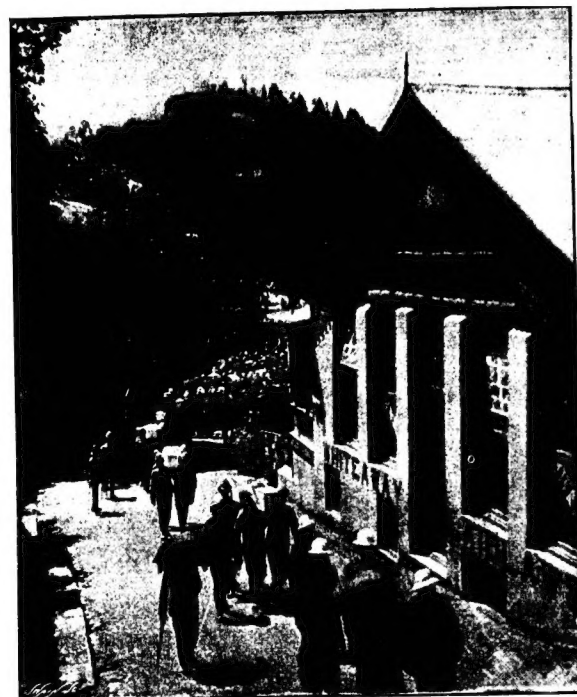
WOODLANDS HOTEL : THE BILLIARD ROOM BURIED



WRECK OF A PORTION OF THE RAILWAY



REMAINS OF THE DIOCESAN GIRLS' SCHOOL

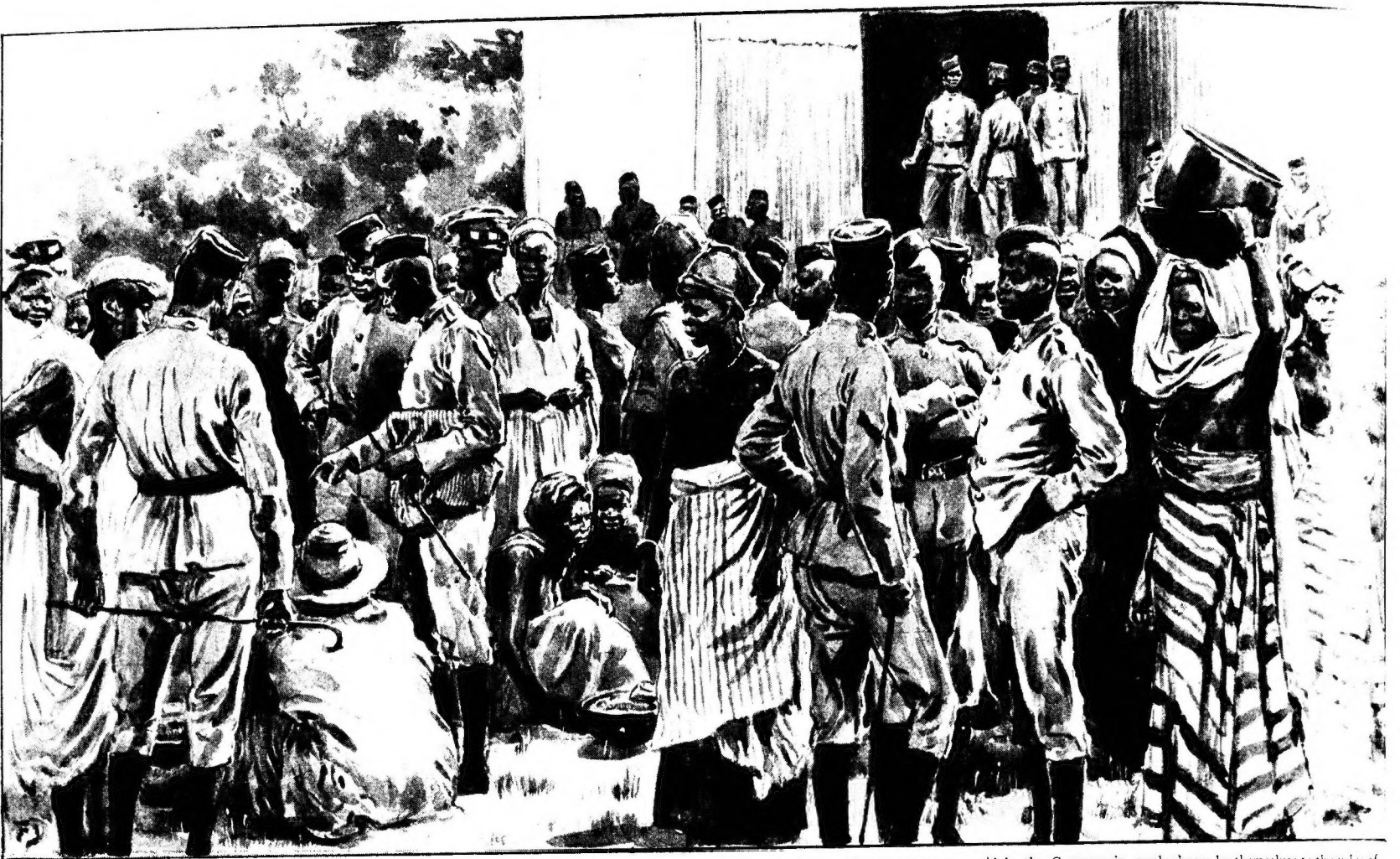


FUNERAL OF SOME OF THE CHILDREN

On September 23 and 24 Darjeeling was visited by a heavy downpour of rain. It fell in torrents—as much as ten inches in twelve hours. On the night of the 24th, as the result of the storm, there were several landslips, and large areas on almost every slope in the district fell away. These slips devastated an area in which were three schools, and no fewer than three boarding houses and three private houses, inhabited by ladies staying there with their children. Of the ten children who were killed six occupied the house, with two native servants, their parents having recently gone down to the plains. The

house was completely swept away and the servants also were killed. The other four were inmates of a school of some twenty-five children, all of whom were in imminent danger, and it appears that in the confusion they strayed from the immediate care of the teachers who were guarding them and were killed within a few yards of where those teachers stood. The actual loss of life in Darjeeling itself amounts to about 100, and some 300 lives have been lost on tea estates and in native villages out in the district. Our illustrations are from photographs by Harrington and Co., Calcutta.

THE DISASTER AT DARJEELING: IN THE TRACK OF THE CYCLONE



Lately the Imperial Government has taken over the territory hitherto controlled by the Royal Niger Company, and with the country have taken over the Company's forces. The constabulary, whose headquarters are at Lokoja, are a fine and serviceable body. Our illustration represents the scene outside the

canteen on pay day, when the men were paid by the Company in goods chosen by themselves to the value of their several accounts

WITH THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY'S CONSTABULARY: PAY DAY AT LOKOJA



The Battery is composed entirely of Hausa soldiers. It was raised by Captain Cubitt, who is now away on leave. In our illustration Major Festing, Commandant of the West African Field Force, is shown the practice with field glasses

THE 1ST BATTERY OF ARTILLERY OF THE WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE IN ACTION

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDER-OFFICER HAINES

IN THE NIGER COUNTRY: OUR NATIVE TROOPS IN PEACE TIME AND ON ACTIVE SERVICE



"I have stoned—I have sold my soul for this!—to this have I been brought by my wickedness!" was what she wailed. Then she gathered herself up in a crouching position. "I have not heard all. There is something more."

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONFIDENCES

THIS morning Jack Rattenbury visited Bath and the spring children were in the kitchen of the establishment of Mrs. Tomkin.

After the meeting at the exit from Sydney Gardens, and when Jack had left, Winefred remained standing where he had left her, motionless, looking before her, but seeing nothing.

What fate had possessed her, that she should have struck at him so cruelly?

At the time she had not intended to hurt, but the words had come to her lips before she had thought what to say, and had been launched unthinkingly.

She was not her father addressing her.

"Really, you were—were rather rude. You should not be that, least of all an inferior. It angers an equal, it cuts an inferior."

"Father, I am a wretched mother and me much wretchedness."

"How?"

"By causing such untrue things to be said of us. He has made our lives miserable."

"Not—what—ahem! Has he insinuated—"

"I need not tell you about what, further than that it concerns money."

"Oh! money! What about that?"

"If you desire to know more—it is that he said, or perhaps it is more true to say, has caused it to be said, that mother is well off and able to send her here, because she stole money from his father;

but I know better—for one reason, because she could not do a wrong thing; and next because the money came from you. But first of all because mother *could* not do it. The money was from you, was it not, father?"

"Certainly it was. I sent to her money repeatedly, and of late, liberally."

"There now!" in a tone of triumph. "Oh! if you would speak that out before all Axmouth! Oh! how happy you would make my mother."

"That—that is not possible."

"Why not?"

"There are reasons. They are weighty. I cannot fully explain. For one, I am here taking the waters."

"Then let me call him back. Say the words before Jack. He is not a bad fellow; honest and true, and he will believe you and tell the truth to everyone."

"For heaven's sake, no!"

"Why not? It is the truth." She paused. "Are you ashamed of me as your daughter?"

"No, a thousand times no; and since you have been new fitted out by Madame Delmarc and Miss—Miss—I forget the name—ten thousand times no."

"Then why? Are you ashamed of my mother?"

He groped in his pocket with twitching fingers, but could find neither latchkey nor pencil to put to his tongue or lips.

"I—I—there are matters, my dear, beyond your comprehension. A little later. Have patience, Winefred; when you are a bit older, have more knowledge of the world—"

"You will make it up with mother?"

"I—I will think about it."

Her race, that had kindled with hope, was again clouded.

It was a humiliation to her, that she felt poignantly, to be recognised by her father, and at the same time to have her mother ignored or treated as dead. She had caught the words of Sir Barnaby and her father's reply, and they had been as drops of flaming phosphorus falling on her heart. She would have turned, cried out that her mother lived, and was the noblest and purest of women, but that her sound reason assured her such an action would be fatal to her ambition. She must be patient. She must endure a little longer. The moment had not come. She must first weave herself round her father's heart before she could draw him in the direction she proposed.

She now greatly regretted her rudeness to Jack on other grounds than that she had committed an offence. She would have liked to send back a message to her mother, together with a present, to assure her that she was not forgotten. But she could not ask a favour of one whom she had insulted.

Had the lad deserved the treatment meted out to him? What fault of his was it that he was disappointed of his expectations on the death of his father, and that he had been forced to sell the cottage? He had done this so as honourably to pay his father's debts. Was he really responsible for the stories that circulated against her mother? Had he not assured her that he did not believe in her mother's guilt? Why, then, was the young man to be snarled at? Her thoughts that had started with her mother and father now circled around Jack.

She was turning the parcel he had given to her, in her hand, without considering it. Now she looked at it and found that it comprised a small box, tied up in paper and sealed. Doubtless it contained a letter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A LETTER FROM BATH

Winefred walked back beside her father to the square without uttering another word. Neither did Mr. Holwood speak. He, likewise, was engrossed in thoughts, and thoughts set with prickles. At the door they parted.

"I shall give myself the pleasure of calling for you again to-morrow," said he. "Your new equipment, I must tell Mrs. Jones, is eminently becoming."

She went to her room, and when she had removed her bonnet and mantle, she seated herself at the window, and unknotted the string that bound the parcel. A hundred, even fifty, years ago, no woman ever dreamed of cutting a string; she laboriously unknotted it, then did it up in a tag and laid it aside for further use.

A small square card-board case was disclosed that contained cotton wool, bedded in which were a pair of imitation pearl drop earrings. Folded about the case was a letter. This she proceeded eagerly to read. It was from Mrs. Jose.

"My dear Winefred,—

"Your good mother and I hope you are well, as it leaves me. I send you two pretty eardrops that I had when I was married. I have grown old and fat and ugly, and shall never wear them no more. They suit young and pretty faces, so take them, and when you wear them think of your mother's and my hearts that hang on you. I send them to you by Jack Rattenbury, who has found a place at last, and decent wages, so he tells me, enough to keep him in bread and cheese. He is a good lad and upright, and I am pleased to know it. Your mother is tolerably well. My brindled half-Jersey has dropped her calf, and we have had trouble that way before. I am going to look out for a goat to run with the cows. That is a good thing where they take to dropping their calves. Good-bye, I'm terrible short of breath with writing so much.

"Your affectionate friend and well-wisher,

"ELIZA JOSE.

"M.P.—Your mother is a curious customer. She was all agog for you to go to Bath, and now she is in a sort of raging fever and ague to boot because you are away. 'Tis exactly like a cow when they've took away her calf."

Winefred sat in the window turning over the earrings, but thinking rather of the "M.P." than of anything else, when there came a rap at her door, and, without awaiting a response, Jesse entered.

"What have you there?" she asked at once, her feminine eye lighting on the bit of cheap jewellery.

"It is a present from dear Mrs. Jose."

"Mercy on us! you cannot wear such absurd things."

"I would not offend Mrs. Jose for all the world, and she says such pretty things about them."

"She is a darling, and our cousin, though mamma is too gorgeous a personage to admit it. But Nebuchadnezzar's image had feet of clay and the awful erection of the Tomkin-Jones family has common soil at the bottom of it. But those ear-pendants are ridiculous."

"I shall wear them when I go back to Axmouth."

"As you will, but mother will never suffer them here. I may as well take this opportunity to speak to you about our family. Shall I sit down, Winnie? Well, mamma's great delight is blowing wind-bags, and we prick them, Sylvana out of malice, I out of mischief. But no sooner have we shrivelled one up than we find her puffing out another. After all, it hurts no one and it amuses her. Nobody is deceived. No one believes in her stories. They are like wax apricots. They look very well, but bite and you find they are emptiness and your mouth is full of beeswax. Mother is concerned because no street or square in Bath is named after papa. But no one cares about him, or remembers him now that he is dead. Moreover, in Bath people come and go, some for a season, some for two. He was a doctor, an estimable man, and, as doctors go, no worse than his fellows. He once put the Prince Regent's insides right with a pill, that is all; and out of that pill mamma has blown up a balloon. He did not make a fortune, or we should be better off, living in the square and not hanging on to it. But with all her grand talk mother is a good woman, and such as know her intimately learn how much better she is than all the flummery with which she surrounds herself. Sylvana and I do our utmost to tear down her piles of pretence, but it is lost labour. She is like Jack the chimney sweep on May Day, who dances under an extinguisher of greens and sham flowers. Unhappily, with him it pays, with mamma it fails. Take these eardrops and put them away till you return to Jose-land. I want to talk to you about Frank Wardroper. Do you care for him?"

"I—no! How should I?"

Winefred looked genuinely surprised.

"But," said Jesse, "he has been paying you marked attention."

"He has been civil. He chose my hat and gowns."

"That was it. If anything could rivet his affections it would be that. You are sure you do not feel for him more than ordinary interest?"

"He amuses me; that is all."

"Because," said Jesse, colouring, "at one time he was fond of me. He was very much about me, and made a good deal of me. But when you came, then mamma began to throw you at his head."

"But why—if she knew that you liked him?"

"My dear, with her, all her geese are swans except her daughters, who are little common ducks. It has never occurred to her that he could fancy me. You see," said Jesse, colouring deeper, "no one could suit Frank better than I, because I really do not know or care anything about dress, so that it would be an eternal joy and interest to him to keep changing my gowns and bonnets and mantillas and all the rest."

"I will not interfere between you, set your mind at rest thereon," said Winefred laughing.

"Do you care for anyone else?"

"I!" Winefred now gasped. "I—I know no one. I—of course not. How could you ask such a question?" Then, hurriedly, as though to cut short further catechising, "I know what I will do. I will make you a present of an entirely new and fashionable suit of clothes, hat or bonnet, gown, everything, and Mr. Wardroper shall select them for you."

"Oh, my dearest!" exclaimed Jesse, and threw herself on the neck of Winefred. "You could not have thought of anything better, of anything more calculated to secure him. One word in return for this kindness. Be on your guard against Sylvana."

JANE MARLEY sat before the door in the shade of a bursting elder, in an atmosphere perfumed by its leaves; the sun was on the white rock against which the cottage was built, and sent a reflection in her face so strong that she was unable to raise her eyes from her knitting.

Her brows were contracted, partly against the glaring light, partly through the working of her stormy mind.

Dazzled by the sun, occupied by her thoughts, she did not notice the approach of Mrs. Jose, and when the latter spoke Jane started, passed her hand across her brow, and recovered herself with an effort.

"Deary me!" said the farmer's wife. "Always busy. If Satan finds some mischief for idle hands, he need not come to the Under-cliff. He will never find those fingers at leisure for his work. But, bless my life, Jane, what can be the matter with the birds? I have known them swarm here and sing and chortle like a concert of choristers—jackdaws, starlings, choughs, gulls, magpies—and to-day not one to be seen or heard."

"I have noticed it. They are gone."

"Gone! But what can have driven them away? Have they been chased and shot?"

"No—I have not heard a gun."

"But this is amazing. What does it mean? I have not started a magpie, nor heard the pipe of a blackbird. It has never happened before. This has been a paradise of birds."

Mrs. Marley shrugged her shoulders. She did not concern herself about feathered creatures and their ways.

"You have not come here to tell me that the birds have flitted," she said, and scrutinising Mrs. Jose's face she said: "You have something on your mind. What is it?"

"I have had a letter."

"From Winefred?"

"No; from Mrs. Tomkin-Jones."

"Does she ask for money?"

"No."

"What does she say about Winefred?"

"Not very much."

"She is well?"

"Very well—and happy."

"And happy," repeated Jane with a tinge of disappointment in her voice. "Come inside; the light here is too strong."

"How the mint smells," said Mrs. Jose.

"Yes."

"And the young elder shoots."

"Yes."

Jane led the way within, and the change to the shade of the room was grateful.

She signed to her visitor to be seated, but did not take a chair herself. She held a stocking three parts knitted in one hand, in the other a pin. She did not seat herself; she was restless and impatient.

"What is it?" she asked. "I know there is something that you have to say, which it is not easy for you to speak. Had it been good news it would have come forth already."

"Really the letter I have received is to you or about you. But as you cannot read it is addressed to me."

"Then let me hear it at once."

"That is not so easy done. In truth, my dear, this letter is not pleasant reading. Mrs. Tomkin-Jones informs me—and you—that Winefred has met her father."

"I am not sorry for that."

"He father is vastly taken with her, and walks her out, and shows her the sights, and goes with her to shops and buys sundry pretty things that he gives to her."

"That is as it should be."

"If that were all I should not be in such a fluster over it," said Mrs. Jose, her pleasant face expressing concern.

"What is there more?"

"Her father has taken a pride in his child, and a liking to her, so that he will not part with her any more."

Jane was silent. Shadows passed over her face, like those that darken the sea. She stood meditating, with her knitting pin to her lips.

"He may see her a bit," she said; then, after a pause, "he may see a good deal of her."

"Aye," Mrs. Jose looked up with distress into the clouded face of the mother. "But what if he purposed taking her altogether away from you?"

"He cannot do that! He shall not do that!" almost screamed the mother, and then clenched her teeth and stood glaring at her visitor. Presently she said fiercely, "Bring out that letter, and read me every word. Pass none over. I must hear all."

Mrs. Jose looked from side to side in embarrassment.

"The letter!" said Jane imperiously, and pressed the end of the knitting pin on the table.

The farmer's wife was compelled to draw the epistle from her pocket and unfold it upon the board. She knew that Jane was illiterate, and it was her intention to soften down as much as possible the harsh expressions, but she could not blunt the edge of the cutting facts.

"Begin with the first words," said Jane, and pointed with her knitting pin.

"These are to me," said Mrs. Jose. "They are from Mrs. Tomkin-Jones about my chicken I sent her. She is a sort of cousin, and she begins affable enough, seeing the difference in our station in life, and all these first lines contain nothing further than what I have already told you—that Winefred has met her father, and that he is mightily taken with her."

"How far does that go?" asked Jane, with the pin on the letter.

"To that point—there you have it—pretty things." It is as I told you. He has bought them for her."

"Go on from there. What is that word?"

"Then Mrs. Tomkin-Jones continues, 'I think he will not be satisfied until he has removed her entirely.'"

"From what place? From your cousin's?"

"No, not exactly so. From—"

"Show me the words. I can count the letters if I cannot read them. What is that little word followed by a long one?"

"That creature."

"What does she mean by 'that creature'?"

"I think that she means you. But mind this, Jane, it is Mrs. Tomkin-Jones who writes, and not Winefred nor Mr. Tomkin-Jones; and Mrs. Tomkin-Jones has never seen you, does not know you, and you than what she has heard from Winefred."

"And did Winefred tell her I was a creature?"

"My dear Jane, no; that is merely her way of speaking of herself. We are all creatures of God, made in His image, and so in a fashion equal. She means no offence."

"Very well. That creature—that is me. Read on, then, 'that creature.'"

"Who has—?" Mrs. Jose turned mottled, and her cheeks betrayed her uneasiness.

"Who has?—Go on, alter not a word."

"Who has—has—has had a very prejudicial effect on the girl."

"Prejudicial effect! What does she mean by that?"

"I think she means that Winefred has learned to be like us folk of humble life, and not like to gentlefolk."

"That's like enough. It is true, quite true, and I do not dispute it. Go on."

Mrs. Jose fidgeted in her seat, and was reluctant to proceed. She was not a woman of readiness to substitute a word, an expression for another; moreover, Jane Marley overheard her.

"Go on," said the mother sternly. "I will hear every word in that letter. I can bear it. God in heaven knows that I have borne much already."

"Then be prepared for what follows, though it may not be to your liking. You must remember that it is the lady who writes, who has neither seen nor known you."

Jane nodded. She was choking. But she said hoarsely, "Go on!" and pointed with her knitting pin.

Mrs. Jose read, "Mr. Holwood is resolved that the connection between his daughter and that woman shall cease entirely."

"Shall cease entirely—that connection," muttered Jane. Then she looked up and laughed bitterly. "Can any man make that connection cease entirely? that—the connection between mother and child? She is my daughter; she is more mine than she is his. She has drunk her young life at my bosom. She has lived all that life with me. She has been, she is still, in my heart of hearts. He may tear my limbs away. But he cannot separate Winefred from me. Go on."

Mrs. Jose, conscious of the pain that she was giving, aware that every word was as the iron tooth of a harrow drawn over the mother's heart, wiped her eyes that were full. Then she continued, "He is prepared to give Marley an annuity, a liberal allowance, but—"

"But what?"

"But Winefred and she must never meet again."

"It shall not be!" cried Jane, as she beat the table with clenched hand and snapped the steel needle. "He has ruined my happiness, wrecked my life—nothing, nothing whatever has been left me; nothing, nothing, save only my child, and her he will tear from me. He shall not do it."

"Pray do not be excited and angry, Jane," said the farmer's wife. "You must remember that you yourself desired to have Winefred brought up as a lady."

"Yes, as a lady. I desire that still."

"And as a lady she must of necessity be much severed from you."

"Yes. I grant it. But not altogether."

"No, perhaps that need not have been; but the father thinks differently. If he takes her to live with him, what can you do? Can you go to him, uninvited? Will he recognise you as his wife? The situation will be most untoward for yourself, for him, for Winefred. You must weigh this well."

"I do weigh it. I will not be parted from her forever. If she is made a lady, let me look on her. Let me see her from afar off. But see her I must, or it will kill me. She is my girl!" Jane looked half fiercely, half imploringly into her visitor's face. "You do not understand what it is to be a mother—and a mother of one child. She lives for one thing only—her child. She has no other pride—her child; one hope—her child. She cannot do without her. Look you. There is a woman at Seaton's willow. She has lost her son, her only son. He clambered after her, fell over the cliffs, and was dashed to pieces. Then she is no more a woman, she is a moving image. She lives for one thing in the world to hope for, and that is to see her son when she is to love, nothing even to fear. All her life died when she lost her son. I have a daughter. She lives. I may not be with her always. I am content for her sake that it should be so. But not to see her, never to hear her speak, not again to feel her arms round me, and to rock her head on my bosom—that is not to live. Promise me but this—twenty years hence I shall see her. I will live in that single hope—but never more shall I have myself at full length on the ground and burst into tears."

"I have sinned—I have sold my soul for this," said Jane. "Then she been brought by my wickedness!" was what she said. Then she gathered herself up in a crouching position. "I cannot bear it all. There is something more. After where you look."

"There is no need. You have the substance."

"I will have it. Read me the last lines."

"I will not do so," exclaimed Mrs. Jose in distress. "I will not bear the conclusion. 'I have it,' she said, 'I will have it.'"

Dench. "He will read it to me."

"No—no. Give it me. Rather than that I will have it."

"It must be read," said Jane, surrendering the letter. "Then falteringly Mrs. Jose read, 'In this letter I have said that Winefred concurs!—she agrees!' cried Jane Marley, and again dashed herself on the floor and writhed like a bruised worm."

Mrs. Jose knelt by her, stroked her hair, which was long before her eyes, patted her—uttering kind words; but at a long while she could assuage the paroxysms of grief and despair.

When Mrs. Marley was slightly more composed, she laid her head on her hands that rested on the floor, and glaring at the wall on the other side, she said hoarsely, "Hearken to me—on the

night when every door was shut against me, then I would have thrown myself over the cliffs with Winifred in my arms. I would to God I had done as I purposed. Cursed be he who prevented me, cursed be he in heaven above or in hell beneath, for he is dead. But for now we should have been together now, together inseparable, for ever in one deep sea, in one eternity. But now—

She pressed herself again with her face to the floor, and rocked from side to side in irrepressible grief.

"Jane," said Mrs. Jose, "you are in no condition to be left alone. Come with me to Bindon."

"I will," said Mrs. Jose, "I shall come here and stay the night with you. Compose yourself. I shall run home and fetch such things as I shall require, and be with you in a jiffy."

The wretched mother tossed but made no reply. Mrs. Jose seated herself again, talked to her soothingly, till she considered that the first violence of her grief was over. Then she rose and proposed, "Have a cup of tea."

An hour later she had induced Jane to sit by the hearth. Then convinced that she might quit her temporarily she departed for Bindon to make such arrangements there as would be necessitated by her absence during the night.

She was back again in three-quarters of an hour, but found the house dark and Jane gone, as she satisfied herself by looking through the window.

In all she hurried home.

"Please, ma'am," said the maid, "just after you was gone that Mrs. Marley came here, looking wild-like, and she gave me this key and said it was that of the house, and that you was to take charge of it till she came again."

(To be continued)

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

As the diploma which accompanies the awards granted by the juries of exhibitions is the one tangible, visible memento, widely seen, which maintains the memory of any particular international exhibition in the mind of the community, it is commonly recognised that the design of such a memorial should be worthy of its purpose and of its destiny. Those who examine nowadays the diploma issued by the recent Brussels Exhibition are apt to sneer at an undertaking the quality and merits of which are inevitably, though incorrectly of course, identified with such a production. The Paris authorities have avoided this imprudence, and have held a competition in which no less a sum than 400*l.* was offered for the successful design. The prize has been won by M. Camille Boignard, with a graceful composition in which the personification of Industry between the Oak and the Olive is not unworthy of the great occasion.

How necessary it is carefully to consider such important details will be realised by the reader when he remembers that, according to an official computation, an attendance at the Exhibition of no fewer than *fifty-two and a half millions* is confidently expected. Some estimates rise as high as one hundred and fifty millions. But how many more who will not go to Paris will see the diploma displayed in shop windows for years to come? The publication of the figures setting forth the enormous attendance which is anticipated is an excellent move on the part of the authorities, for who, be he artist or tradesman, can resist the seduction of such unprecedentedly bold advertisement?

Those who take an interest in art criticism—real art criticism—and regard its higher qualities in their proper light, will do well to consider some of the important propositions laid down recently by Mr. Frederic Wedmore in a much-quoted statement. The main points are these—and it is well that the reader take note of them. Technical knowledge is a desirable but subordinate qualification, and of little use without imaginative power, sympathy, and knowledge of the world. The "verdict of the studio"—that is to say, the criticism of artist on artist, whether for or against—is of little worth, for men of opposite temperaments cannot fairly judge their neighbours. Above all, the critic's first business is with the public; he has no need whatever to address the person criticised, either to advise or condemn. Moreover, the critic must discuss his own point of view (which must, however, be as catholic as possible) and his own temperament is a main factor. In short, we may use the artist as Turner used Venice—treating him as the world with, having due regard, of course, to that fairness and logic which belongs to all liberal professions. Some artists will object to this—just exactly as Lord Rosebery recently yearned for an independent newspaper in which the reporter should have full sway and the free writer was suppressed.

The Salon of Oil Painters—the Oil Institute of previous years—has opened its doors once more, and shows little of that desire to rival the Royal Academy which at its foundation was supposed to give so much offence at Burlington House. Its aim is to be agreeable, and to give out of account the radicalism that is shouting so loudly from the Continent. In truth, better and more invigorating exhibitions have been held before; yet not many finer portraits have graced its walls than the admirable "Old Master of the Edinburgh Merchant's Guild," by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. Sir George paints in a happy way every year—more broadly and with greater freedom than of late—maintaining all the character which he renders so felicitously. M. Fantin-Latour has two excellent works—a dish of grapes, exquisitely reticent and refined, and a showy bowl of flowers, hardly less so than the other. The sea-pieces of Mr. Hayes and Mr. Robert Allan, the landscapes of Mr. E. A. Waterlow and Mr. Ansell, the architectural work—an elastic term—of Mr. Dudley Hardy and Mr. Fullerylove (whose beautifully drawn and composed "Garden of the Cardinal" would have been quite remarkably free had not the undue lowness of one in sunlight detracted from its real merit)—these are among the chief pictures of serious aim.

The Orleans Wedding

THE exiled Royal House of France have so long made their home amongst us that a wedding in the Orleans family has a personal interest for English people. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris and the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres—parents of the present bride and bridegroom—were married in England whilst the family were in exile after Louis Philippe's fall. Some four years ago the Comte and Comtesse's second daughter, Princess Hélène, gave her hand to the Duke of Aosta in the very church at Kingston where her father and mother were wedded, and now her



PRINCE JEAN D'ORLÉANS

younger sister, Princess Isabelle, has been united to her cousin, Prince Jean, on the same spot. Cousinly marriages, indeed, are quite the fashion in the Orleans House, for the parents of the newly married couple hold the same relationship. To speak first of the bride—Princess Marie Isabelle is the third daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and was born at the Château d'Eu in Normandy twenty-one years ago. She was only a little child when the present French Republic turned her father—as a Pretender



PRINCESS ISABELLE DE FRANCE

to the Throne—out of France afresh, so the young Princess has been brought up in England, and shares the British taste for outdoor sports. Since her father's death she has been more abroad, going to Lisbon to stay with her eldest sister, Queen Amélie of Portugal, or spending the summer at the Comtesse's Château of Kandan, in Auvergne. Princess Isabelle is a very pretty girl, fair and tall, though not reaching the height of her stately sister, the Duchesse of Aosta. The bridegroom, Prince Jean Pierre Clement Marie, is the youngest and last unmarried child of the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, is five-and-twenty, and is of Parisian birth. His only brother is the explorer, Prince Henry, while his two sisters are Princess Waldemar of Denmark, sister-in-law to the Princess of Wales, and the Duchesse de Magenta. Naturally so keen a soldier as the Duc de Chartres wished his son to follow the same career, and the French army being closed to him, Prince Jean went to his sister's adopted home, Denmark, to learn his profession. For eight years the Prince has been studying in the Danish army, becoming most popular as a good soldier and a genial companion. He speaks Danish fluently, and is a great favourite at Court, King Christian promoting him to be Captain in the Guards as a farewell honour. Prince Jean is a fine, handsome young man, and, being very dark, is a good contrast to his fair bride.

Princess Isabelle was married from her brother's house—the Duc d'Orléans' residence, York House, Twickenham. Originally the wedding was to have been the excuse for a grand Royalist manifestation, but recent events in France spoiled the programme. However, the family and the prominent adherents of the House

gathered in force, even the aged Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg coming over. The marriage contract was signed at York House on Sunday night when the Duc d'Orléans held a reception. Like all French brides at this civil ceremony Princess Isabelle was in pink—a lovely costume of crêpe de chine over silk, the tunic caught up with knots of chiffon, and the bodice trimmed with pink roses. The religious ceremony followed next day at the little Roman Catholic Church of St. Raphael, at Kingston-on-Thames, which was crowded with the family, the Princess of Wales and her daughter, members of the Diplomatic Body, and representatives from foreign Courts. Our portrait of Princess Isabelle is by Alice Hughes, Gower Street, and that of Prince Jean is by Carl Sonne, Copenhagen.

Recollections of Basutoland

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

FAR up in the Highlands of South Africa, hemmed in by the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State, is the last coherent body of negroes on the whole of this vast Dark Continent. They are the nearest approach to a native nation owing to a variety of exceptional causes, and they have been for years eager to be let loose upon their traditional enemy, the Boer. One sometimes hears Basutoland referred to as an African Switzerland, partly because of its beautiful mountain scenery, its small area compared to its neighbours, and to the fact that its people have preserved a homogeneous character and almost complete independence from the earliest white man's records, which, in this instance, means, to be sure, not more than a couple of generations. There are but a quarter of a million Basuto, and their country is but half the size of little Natal. They are, however, by all odds the best-built blacks it has been my fortune to see, and, under suitable white officers, there is in this nation material for an army corps capable of keeping the peace in any part of South Africa.

The Basuto owe their commanding position in South Africa to one who was an extraordinary medley of devil-worship and Christianity, Old Moshesh—no doubt a corruption of Moses. He died in 1870 at the age of seventy-seven, and was buried with Christian rites on top of the famous mountain fortress, Taba-basio. Ever since 1818 this crafty black bandit governed the Basuto and raised himself so in black estimation that to-day his name evokes something akin to ancestor worship. Of course, I made a pilgrimage to this shrine on the sacred Taba-basio, and was shown over the scene of many battles by chiefs who had fought in them by the side of their great leader. More than once Boer and English have, side by side, united in driving back Basuto raids, and even in investing this fortress, but never yet has it been captured.

In 1835 Moshesh made acquaintance for the first time with the white man, whose cattle he lifted, in the Cape Colony. Later on he did the same for the Orange Free State. In 1852 England sent Lord Cathcart with a column of more than 2,000 regular infantry, plus cavalry and artillery, to punish Moshesh for his depredations. But the result was a victory only on paper. The black chief on this occasion, as on all others, readily confessed himself beaten, and in the same breath promised to fulfil all his obligations, but the moment the ink was dry, or the last of the enemy out of sight, raiding went on as before, and the white settlers were kept by him in constant terror. Moshesh was no more of a liar than Frederick the Great and other great statesmen, who humanely argue that diplomacy and other forms of peaceful prevarication should be exhausted before recourse be had to violence. As I have remarked before, he was a wily savage, and showed this abundantly by allying himself at the outset with white missionaries. These were constantly led to think that he would some day become a convert, and meanwhile, for more than thirty years, Moshesh enjoyed free of cost a council of educated white men who were invaluable to him in his intercourse with England, and particularly in making him appear to advantage before the bar of English public sentiment. The missionaries found a sympathetic reception in the English Press whenever they descanted on the virtues of the blacks and the rapacity of the white settlers, particularly of the Boers. The poor white colonists, on the other hand, had no spokesman, and were so isolated that they did not know even to what extent they were being calumniated. Thus the Basuto nation grew strong, after the manner of other African powers, namely by plundering their neighbours, and, in this instance, by artfully playing off the English Government against the Boers. Finally, in 1872, England, wearied with constant border warfare, took the nation definitely under her protection, and new chiefs have grown up who spend more time in quarrelling among themselves than in emulating the great Moshesh.

At Taba-basio I had a talk with Masupa and his nephew Mama. Both snorted vengeance against the Orange Free State, but both appeared to have been celebrating in strong drink, and I was somewhat discouraged in my admiration for the son of Moshesh when he begged of me some article of wearing apparel. He showed me a large assortment of his triumphs under this head. They were packed together in a sloop-chest, and consisted of a large variety of European clothing, which apparently had once belonged to deserters from the regular army, ship stewards, and anything else with brass buttons. As an independent fighting nation, the days of the Basuto are numbered, but as auxiliary forces under white officers they may mean a great deal yet.

The Commissioner of Basutoland, Sir Godfrey Lagden, spoke highly of them to me, and gave me abundant opportunity of noting the reasons for his faith. On the occasion of my visit a detachment was recruited, drilled and marched off under white officers to the Matabele War. The men whom I saw in the ranks were not unlike in physique and intelligence to the men of the West India Regiment I had seen in Barbadoes, or the 10th U.S. Dragoons (coloured), whom I saw on the way to Cula. The officers were well satisfied with their men, and the men devoted to their leaders. In the United States no difficulty is found in recruiting for black regiments, and even non-commissioned officers are made from the ranks. The Basuto are all horsemen, and at Maseru I saw a game of polo with black participants, who played with an intelligence and dash worthy of a crack cavalry regiment.



GENERAL J. H. YULE
Major-General on the Natal Staff



MAJOR-GENERAL F. HOWARD
Commanding the 7th Brigade



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR C. F. CLERY
Commanding 2nd Division 1st Army Corps



COLONEL R. B. MAINWARING, C.B.
A.A.G. to 1st Division 1st Army



MAJOR B. F. S. BADEN-POWELL
1st Battalion Scots Guards



COLONEL F. W. KITCHENER
2nd West Yorkshire Regiment



COLONEL ANTHCISZ, M.D.
Royal Army Medical Corps



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HALL, R.A.
Commanding a Brigade Division of Field Artillery



LIEUT. LORD O. DE V. BEAUCLERK
17th Lancers



CAPTAIN LORD EDWARD CECIL
On Special Service



CAPTAIN R. J. TUDWAY
Commanding Mounted Infantry of 2nd Brigade
Cavalry Division



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL O. G. WOOD
Royal Army Medical Corps



MAJOR COUNT GLEICHEN
On Sir Redvers Buller's Staff



CAPTAIN PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK
1st (Royal) Dragoons



LIEUTENANT VISCOUNT CRICHTON
A.D.C. to Major-General J. F. Brocklehurst



CAPTAIN WELMAN
Army Service Corps

Our Second Line of Land-Defence

The pulling out of a portion of our Militia, thirty-three divisions, in consequence of the "great emergency" created by the depletion of our garrisons through the despatch to South Africa of an Army of 17,000 men, is the eighth occasion on which this "constitutional force" of ours has been similarly employed since its establishment, on something like its present footing, about the middle of the last century. During the Seven Years' War it was mobilised against invasion (from France); against the American War, 1778, when France entered into a treaty with America; in 1792, the time of the Irish Rebellion; in 1803, when Napoleon threatened a descent upon our coasts—the engagement lasting till the year after Waterloo; next during the Crimean War, when the Militia contributed as many as 30,000 officers and men to the line, and did excellent service in garrisoning the United Kingdom and our fortresses in the Mediterranean; during the Indian Mutiny; and in 1885—during the war in the Soudan—for a period of seven months.

Enough in its present form dating from the Seven Years' War, when the example of Prussia was sought for imitation, the origin of the force may be sought for as far back as the reign of Edward I. It was in the reign of Charles I. that the word "militia" was first used in Parliament, as applied to the "trained bands." Since then the force has passed through many stages of development, but the bed-rock principle underlying it is that on which the armies of the Continent are now recruited—namely, conscription, or compulsory military service. It may startle many to be told that compulsory service is the law of this freedom-loving land—service by ballot for all except certain privileged classes, such as peers, parsons, articled clerks, only sons of widows and the like. This Militia Ballot Law has never been repealed; it was only hung up about eighty years ago by a Suspension Act, which has ever since been included in an annual Act, known as the Expiring Laws Continuance Act; and its simple omission from this Act would compel Lieutenants of Counties to resort to the ballot to find the fencible quotas required of them by Order in Council.

The theory of the Militia, as Mr. Cardwell said, is conscription, but the practice is voluntary enlistment. During the forty years' peace, the force—which had furnished over 100,000 volunteers to the Peninsular armies of Wellington, and the majority of the linesmen who fought at Waterloo—practically



DRAWN BY S. T. DADD

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

An amusing incident of the embarkation of the Cameron Highlanders at Southampton was the frantic efforts of the regimental cat to stay on shore. The Camerons are bound for Egypt.

GETTING THE REGIMENTAL CAT ON BOARD

ceased to exist; but its timely re-establishment in 1852 enabled it to pass about 30,000 volunteers into our army of the Crimea. In fact the chief value of our Militia hitherto is that it has served not only as a theoretical second line of land-defence, but also as a second-class reserve, or feeding force for our line battalions.

While the peace establishment of our Regular Army is 230,000 men, that of our Militia—which is of all arms save cavalry—is about 133,000 (on paper), though the actual force recruited falls considerably below this statutory figure—say 114,000. It is this discrepancy between the prescribed strength of the Militia, as enforceable, if need be, by ballot, and its actual or enrolled effective, resulting from the voluntary system, which lately caused Lord Lansdowne to moot a scheme for recurring to compulsory service.

As at present constituted, our Militia consists of 126 infantry battalions, 32 corps of artillery, two fortress corps of Engineers, ten divisions of submarine miners, and two companies of the Medical Staff Corps. The Militia recruit is enlisted for six years on the bounty system, and may re-engage, up to forty-five years of age, for further periods. Under the territorial and linked battalion system, our Militia battalions are attached to line regiments, most of which, accordingly, have behind them several Militia battalions, sometimes as many as four, as in the case of the Rifle Brigade and the King's Royal Rifles, but more frequently two, or one. Thus, when reference is made, say, to the 3rd Battalion "Black Watch" (which, like every other line regiment but two, consists of two battalions) this means its Militia battalion.

This linked battalion system, as extended to the Militia, has had the great advantage of causing the latter to become a kind of recruiting ground for its line regiments—an advantage all the greater, as the physique of militiamen is superior as a rule to that of depot line battalions. On Salisbury Plain last year, at the grand manoeuvres, the Militia battalions were inferior to those of the line in nothing whatever but drill, and even in this respect some of them ran the Regulars very close. Formerly relegated to the cold shades of neglect, the Militia now enjoys the sunshine, not only of official, but also of popular, favour and attention. It is recruited practically from the same classes as the Regular Army; and its purpose is to provide a body of trained men, available in case of emergency, or of imminent national danger, to supplement, support, or relieve the Regular Army, but they may volunteer to serve in the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, and the Mediterranean garrisons.

Perhaps the most admirable, as it certainly is the most useful, feature of the force, is its so-called

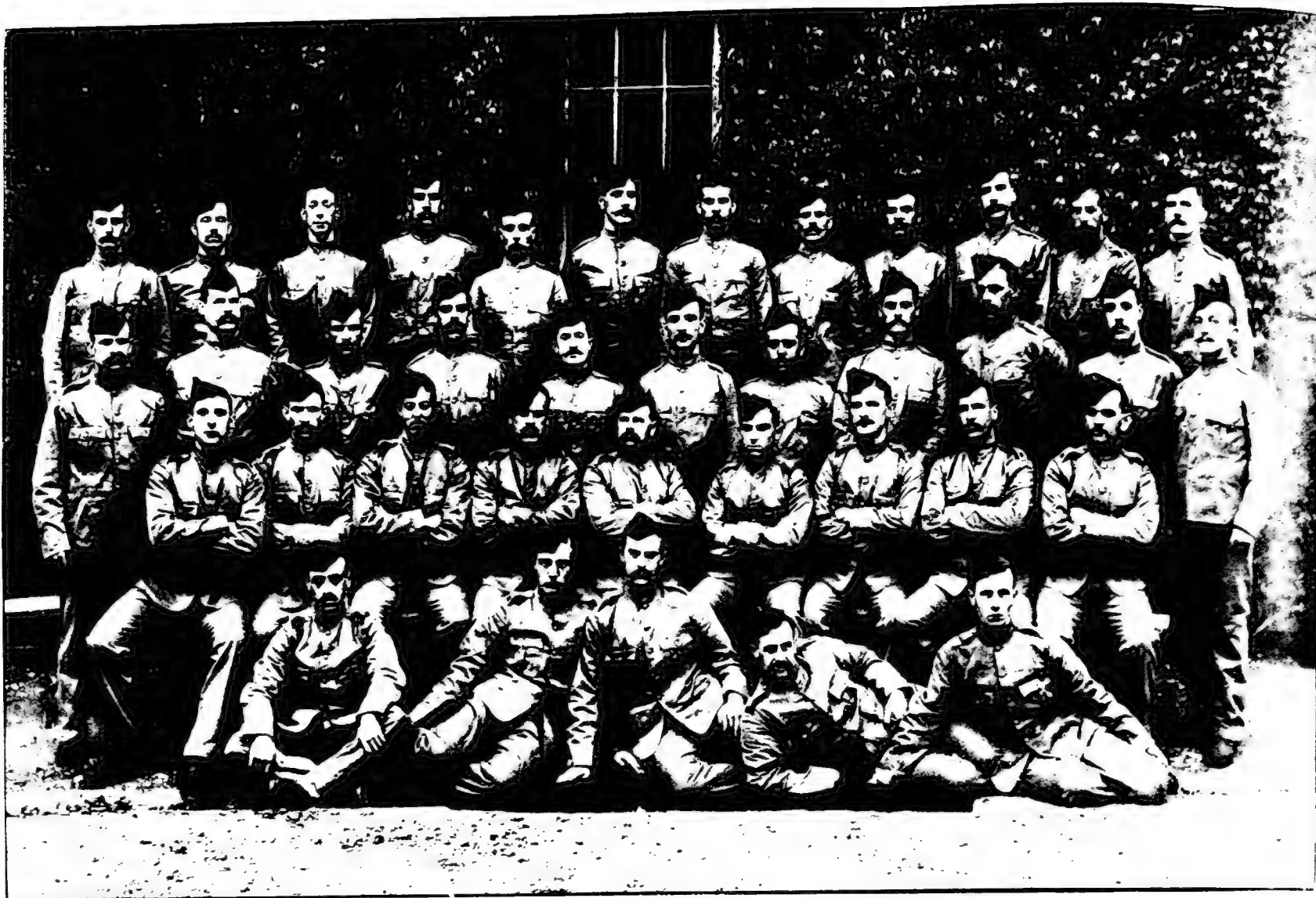


SEARCHING THE LISTS OF KILLED AND WOUNDED TO DISCOVER THE FATE OF FRIENDS AND RELATIVES

THE DARK SIDE OF VICTORY: A DAILY SCENE AT THE WAR OFFICE

DRAWN BY LANCE CALKIN

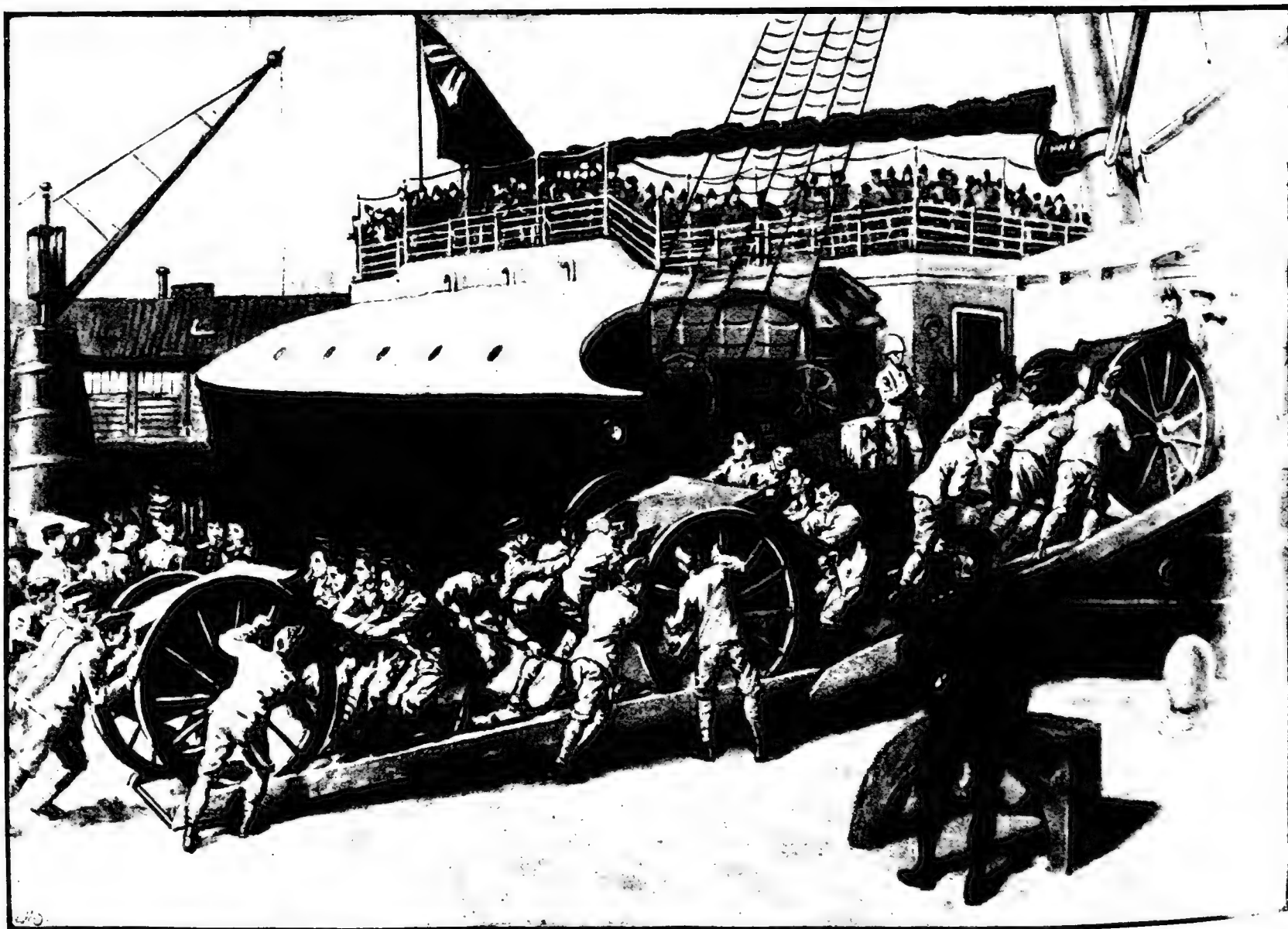
Our portraits of officers are by the following:—Major-General Howard, by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Viscount Crichton and Sir C. M. Clarke, by J. Edwards, Hyde Park Corner; Colonel Mainwaring, Colonel Anthonisz, and Colonel Pengelly, by Russell and Sons, Southsea; Sir C. F. Clerly, by T. Cumming, Aldershot; Lord Edward Cecil and Lord O. de V. Beaulieu, by Lafayette, Dublin; Captain Welman, by S. Cribb, Southsea; Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, by A. Debenham, Southsea; Lieutenant-Colonel Hall, by Charles Knight, Aldershot; Count Gleichen, by Chancellor, Dublin; Colonel Kitchener, by Jaccotette, South Kensington; General Yule, by Yeo, Plymouth; Prince Francis of Teck, by Russell and Sons, Baker Street; Lieutenant A. J. McNeill, by Wyall, Aldershot; Colonel Wilford, by G. Allen, Clifton; Lieutenant Hannah, by Fripp, Cape Town; Lieutenant Taylor, by Durrant and Sons, Torquay; Lieutenant Campbell, by Bullingham, Harrington Road; Major Denne, by Stromeyer and Heyman, Cairo; Dr. Franks, by Chancellor and Son, Dublin; Lieutenant Genge, by Reed, Bournemouth; and Colonel Young, by the Army and Navy Auxiliary C.S. Supply.



Thirty-eight men of the Army Post Office Corps, who had been at Aldershot for a few days, sailed for South Africa from Southampton on board the *Gastan*. Another company of between sixty and seventy left Southampton, and embarked on the *s.s. Moor*.

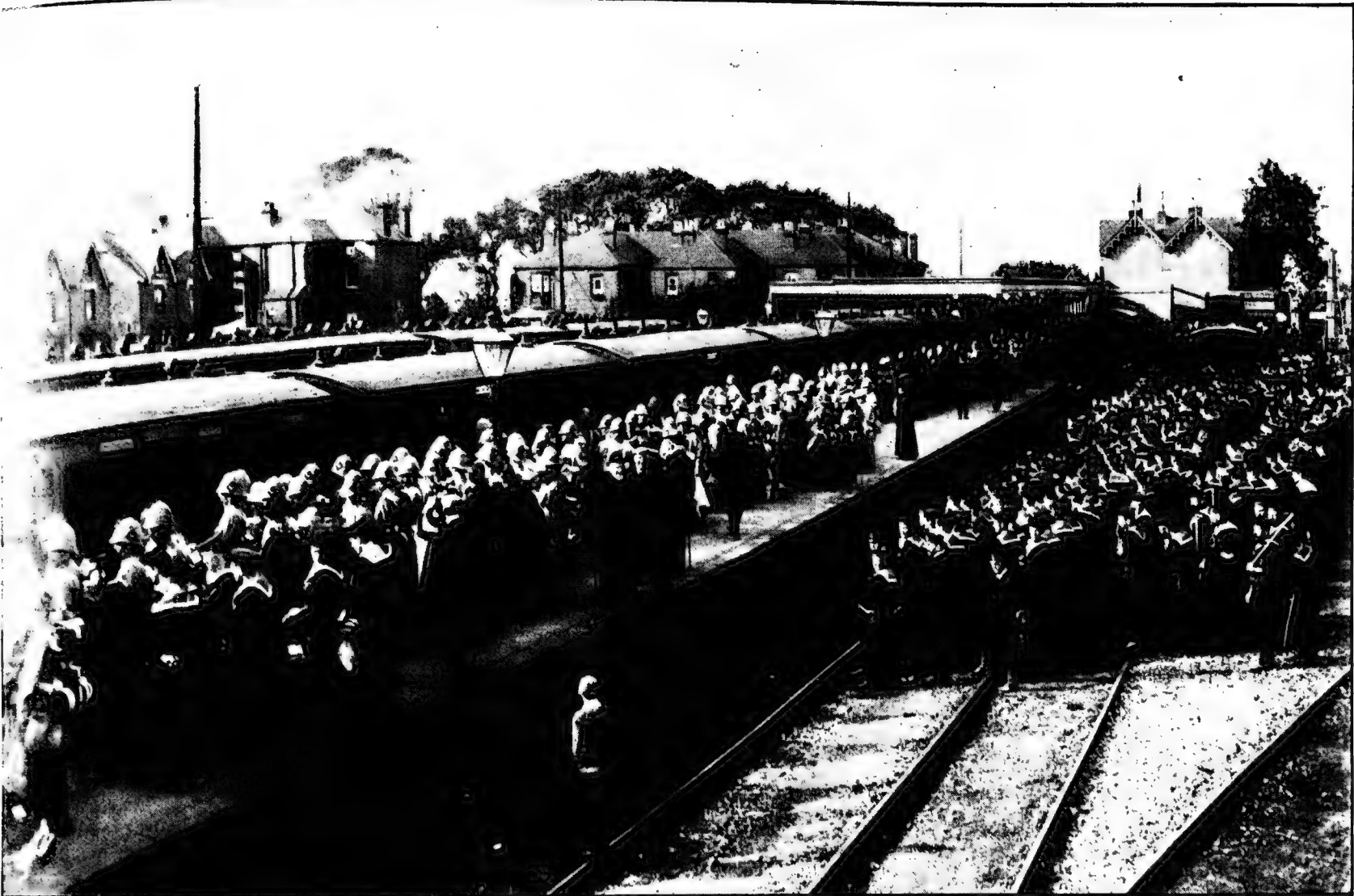
OFF TO THE FRONT: SKILLED TELEGRAPHISTS OF THE 24TH MIDDLESEX R.V. (ARMY POST OFFICE CORPS)

From a Photograph by Charles Knight, Aldershot



THE EMBARKATION OF THE ARMY CORPS: ARTILLERY EMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



The 2nd Queen's West Surrey Regiment left the Portsdown Hill Forts for embarkation on the s.s. *Excellent* at Southampton, under circumstances which produced unusual excitement and enthusiasm. It should be stated that in 1794 the West Surrey Regiment served as Marines in Lord Howe's fleet, and a large part fought in the *Queen Charlotte*. That vessel eventually became the *Excellent* Gunnery School, and to keep up old associations it was decided that as the first half-battalion would leave the forts on Portsdown Hill accompanied by the regimental band, the second half-battalion should have an escort that should make amends for any deficiency in this respect. The first half-battalion left at nine o'clock, and an hour later a battalion of 600 bluejackets, with band, arrived at Cosham from Whale Island. The sailors lined the village street, while the band went on to meet the troops, and played them to the station. For more than an hour there was a scene of the greatest excitement at the station, but it reached its culminating point when the train moved out, the band playing "Soldiers of the Queen" and the sailors cheering with the utmost heartiness.

OFF TO THE FRONT: THE 2ND QUEEN'S WEST SURREY REGIMENT BEING SEEN OFF BY MEN OF H.M.S. "EXCELLENT"

From a Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILE ANDREOLI

THE EXODUS FROM JOHANNESBURG: A SCENE AT BRAMFONTEIN TERMINUS

the refugees were several women, on whom the hardships of the journey told severely"

Our Portraits

THE late Mr. Grant Allen was born at Kingston, Canada, in 1848. After passing his childhood in Canada, he was educated partly in the United States, partly in France, and then at King Edward's School, Birmingham. Thence he entered Merton College, Oxford, and took his B.A. degree (1st class in Moderations, 2nd class in *Literis Humanioribus*) in 1870. Not long afterwards he married, his wife being a Miss Jerrard, of Lyme Regis, and spent the next few years of his life in Jamaica, where he held an appointment as Principal of a College founded by the Colonial Government for the higher education of the negro. When the College was closed in 1877 he returned to England, joined the ranks of the unemployed, and resolved to make a living as a man of letters. His first efforts in that direction were not particularly successful. He wrote on scientific subjects, published at his own expense, and was rewarded with more praise than cash. How Mr. Grant Allen became a novelist is a story that has often been told. The credit, he always protested, was due to Mr. Andrew Chatto, to whom he had suggested an article on a quasi-scientific subject, and Mr. Chatto, on his part, suggested that the article should be written in the form of a story. Mr. Grant Allen agreed, and the story turned out so well that he was encouraged to continue. He excelled as a writer of short stories, some of which, while the author was still pseudonymous, were welcomed by the late Mr. Payn, then editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. One of them, "The Revd. John Creechy," will long be remembered. The pseudonyms were soon dropped, and a long series of ingenious and sometimes sensational novels followed under

Treaty of Washington until 1873. He accompanied Lord Salisbury on his Embassy to Constantinople in 1876, and was then appointed acting Third Secretary in the Diplomatic Service. He was his father's private secretary when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1877-80; Financial Secretary to the War Office, 1885-86; Surveyor-General of Ordnance, 1886-7; and Charity Commissioner, 1891-2. He was created C.B. in 1880 and Baronet in 1887. Sir Stafford Northcote has sat in the House of Commons as Conservative member for Exeter since 1880. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Miss Florence Marryat (Mrs. Francis Lean), the well-known novelist, was the sixth daughter of the late Captain Marryat, R.N., whose sea stories have been, and are likely to be for many years, a standing delight to young and old. Miss Florence Marryat was born in Brighton, and began to write in 1865, when her first novel, "Love's Conflict," was published. Since then she has produced over sixty works, many of which have been republished in America and Germany, and translated into many languages. She was editor of *London Society* in 1872, and contributed largely to magazines. She was a good singer on the operatic stage, and a successful comedy actress and lecturer. "Tom Tiddler's Ground," "Her Lord and Master," "My Sister the Actress," are among her best-known works. Miss Marryat was much interested in Spiritualism, and, in addition to her novels, wrote various books dealing with her supernatural experiences. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Walter Murray Guthrie, who has just entered Parliament as

a Privy Councillor. He represented Buteshire in the Conservative interest from 1885 till his appointment in 1891 as Secretary to Lord President Inglis as Lord Justice General. Lord Justice Robertson is a Deputy Lieutenant for County Kincardine and Aberdeenshire, and was Lord Rector of Edinburgh University from 1890 to 1896. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. Edward Lyon Berthon, late vicar of St. Mary's, whose death is announced, at the age of eighty-six, is well known as the inventor of the Berthon collapsible boats, which have proved a hard struggle, he lived to see in general use. Mr. Berthon was educated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and was ordained in 1845 and priest in 1846 in the diocese of Winchester. He was perpetual curate of Holy Trinity, Fareham, from 1847 to 1870, and vicar and rural dean of Romsey from 1860 to 1891. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Sir Arthur William Blomfield, the famous architect, who died on Monday night, was the fourth son of the Right Hon. Charles James Blomfield (Bishop of London from 1828 to 1857), and Dorothy, daughter of Mr. Charles Cox, and he was the nephew of Admiral Blomfield and of the late Bishop of Colchester. He was born at Fulham in 1829, and was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge. After taking his degree in 1851 he studied architecture under Mr. P. C. Hardwick, the architect to the Bank of England. Sir Arthur Blomfield may be rightly regarded as one of the leading exponents of modern ecclesiastical Gothic, though his sympathies lay rather with the older Gothic tradition. He had untiring energy and power of work, probably no architect of his generation



THE LATE SIR ARTHUR BLOMFIELD
Ecclesiastical Architect



LORD JUSTICE ROBERTSON
New Lord of Appeal



THE LATE MR. GEORGE CANDY, Q.C.
Authority on Licensing Laws



THE LATE MR. GRANT ALLEN
Author and Novelist



THE LATE MARQUIS TOWNSHEND
Fifth Marquis



THE LATE REV. E. L. BERTHON
Inventor of the Collapsible Boat



THE LATE MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT
Novelist and Actress



MR. W. MURRAY GUTHRIE
New M.P. for Bow and Bromley



SIR H. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE
New Member of Parliament

the author's own name. They were written frankly to suit the market and to produce an income, and they gave to their author a success far beyond his expectations. Few men have written under so many aliases. It was as J. Arbuthnot Wilson that he first made his mark in fiction. One story, at least, appeared as by Cecil Power, while within the last year or two he succeeded in taking in the whole critical world with one or two ingenious stories, written in quite a novel vein, and signed Olive Pratt Rayner. The famous "Woman Who Did," written to satisfy his own conscience, scarcely satisfied the public or even that intellectual world which hailed his scientific writings with such delight. Biology and botany were his principal subjects; he was an enthusiastic evolutionist, and took infinite pains to carry, sometimes to extravagant lengths, the principles inculcated by Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. That he never attained sound fame as a scientist, any more than as a novelist, must be laid at the door of his astonishing versatility, and perhaps this is the reason why "Physiological Aesthetics" and the "Colours of Flowers," suggestive and interesting though they may be, never carried great weight in the scientific world. Mr. Grant Allen was an old and valued contributor to *The Graphic*, and a story, perhaps the last he ever wrote, will shortly appear in its pages. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The Hon. Sir H. Stafford Northcote, Bart., who has been appointed to the Governorship of Bombay, in succession to Lord Sandhurst (whose term of office will expire next February), is the second son of the first Earl of Iddesleigh. In 1868 he was appointed to a clerkship in the Foreign Office. In 1871 he was attached to the Marquis of Ripon's Special Mission to arrange the Alabama Treaty, and was Secretary to the Claims Commission under the

Unionist member for Bow and Bromley with a majority of over 2,000, is a younger son of Mr. James Alexander Guthrie, formerly a director of the Bank of England, and brother of Mr. David Charles Guthrie, who represented South Northamptonshire in the Gladstonian interest in the last Parliament from 1892 to 1895. He was born in London in 1867, and is engaged largely in business in London as a colonial merchant, being a partner in the firm of Chalmers, Guthrie, and Co., Limited, 9, Idol Lane, City. He is a member of the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland. He married in 1894, Olive Louisa Blanche, youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie, and niece of the fourth Earl of Portarlington.

Mr. George Candy, Q.C., had only just completed his fifty-eighth year. He was the second son of the late Rev. George Candy, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1869. He was created a Queen's Counsel in 1886. Mr. Candy, who belonged to the South-Eastern Circuit, was the author of "The Practice in the Mayor's Court," and was a great authority on licensing law. Our portrait is from a photograph by Lombardi and Co., Sloane Street.

Lord Justice Robertson, Lord President of the Court of Session and Lord Justice General of Scotland, who has been appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, in succession to the late Lord Watson, was born in 1845. He is the younger and only surviving son of the late Rev. R. J. Robertson, of Forteviot, Perthshire. Called to the Scottish Bar in 1867, he was created a Q.C. and appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland in 1885, on the formation of Lord Salisbury's first Government. He held that office, with a brief interval in 1886, till 1888, when he was appointed Lord Advocate, and admitted

so many churches. His aid and advice was of great value to cathedral chapters in the work of constructing the modern restoration of many of our cathedrals. He was the architect to the Bank of England, and was G. E. Street as the architect to the Law Courts, the House of Church House, and did work at Eton and at the English church at Copenhagen was his work. He was an excellent actor, and at one period took part in amateur theatricals. Our portrait is from a photograph by Redhill.

The Marquis Townshend, who died in 1893 at the age of sixty-eight years, was the fourth son of John Villiers, Marquis Townshend, Viscount Raynham, and was the eldest son of John, fourth Marquis, and was created Marquis in 1831. He was educated at Eton, and entered the Foreign Office from 1850 to 1854. In 1854 he returned in the Liberal interest for Tamworth, and was elected M.P. for the Upper House. In 1865 he married Lady Anne Fitzroy, daughter of James, fifth Earl of Fife, and was created Viscount Duke; and both the Marquis and Viscount themselves largely to philanthropic and temperance work. The Marquis was the only son of the late Marquis of Townshend, Viscount Raynham, who was created Marquis in 17, 1866, and who is deputy-lieutenant of the County of Lincoln. The Marquis's two surviving sisters are Lady Redvers Buller, Commander-in-Chief in North Africa, and Lady Redvers Buller, Commander-in-Chief in the Sudan. Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

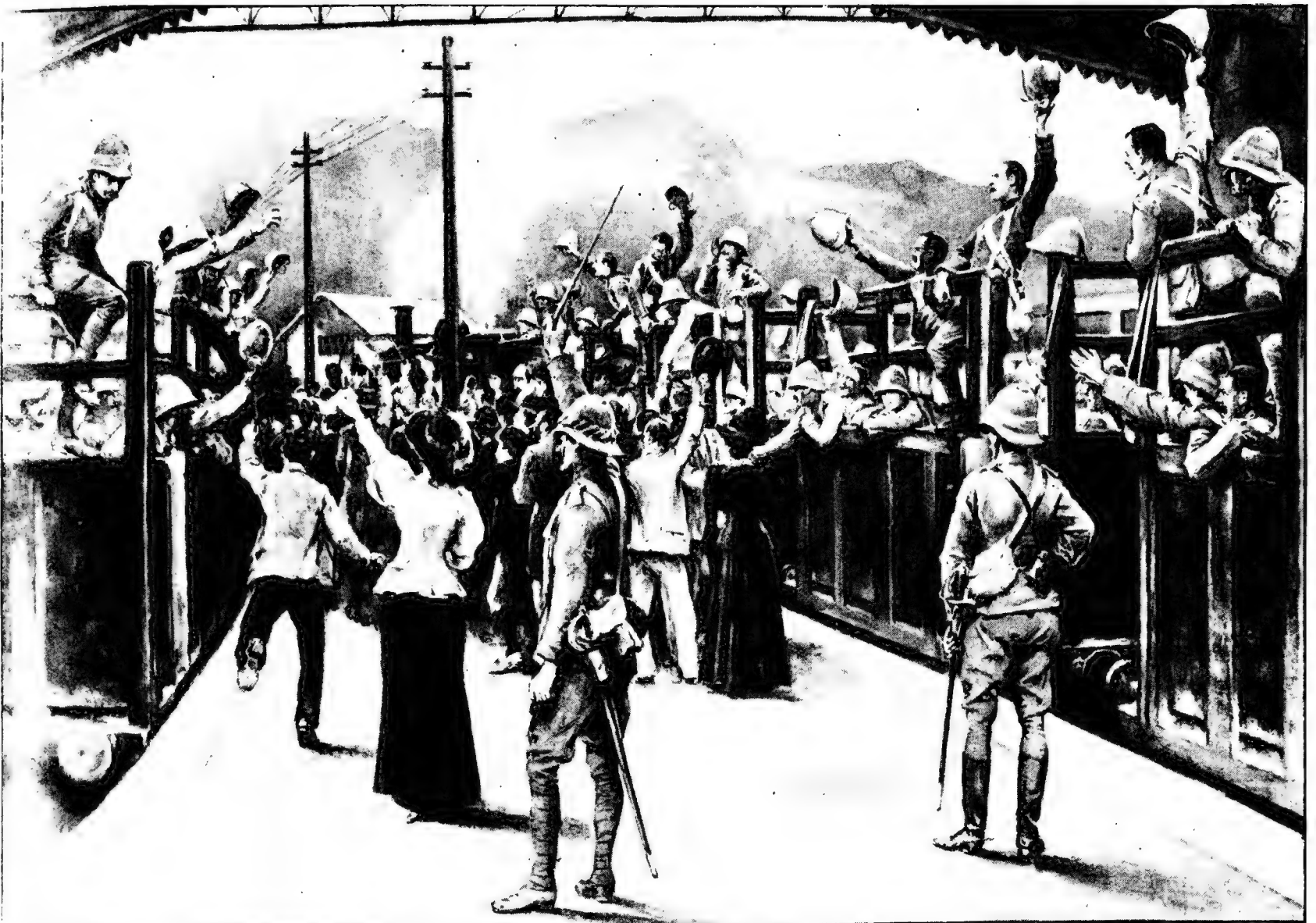
Africa and Boer in South Africa

A PICT SHOWING THE CONFLICT OF RACES FROM THE BEGINNING

Cape of Good Hope discovered by Diaz, a Portuguese	1486
Dr. van Riebeeck founds the Cape for Dutch	1652
Natal first settled by the British	1683
Cape settlement first captured by the British	1795
Cape settlement restored to the Dutch	1803
Cape settlement captured by the British	1806
British capture the Cape again	1814
Cape Colony formally ceded to the British by Convention	1815
Boer Republic	1833
Exodus of Boers to the Orange	1834
Boer Republic	1836
Potchefstroom and Durban laid out by the Boers	1838
Pietermaritzburg founded by Captain Jarvis	1839
Aland	1842
Mr. Justice	1842
Second	1842
British	1842
arrived	1843
Natal	1844
Battle	1845
Natal	1848
Battle	1848

Murder of Captain Elliott on the Vaal River	Dec. 29, 1880
Sir George Colley advanced with the Natal Field Force from Newcastle	Jan. 24, 1881
Laing's Nek Engagement. British defeat	Jan. 28, 1881
Schuin's Hoogte or Ingogo Fight. British defeat	Feb. 8, 1881
British defeat at Amajuba Hill and Death of Sir G. Colley	Feb. 27, 1881
Armistice signed for eight days	Mar. 6, 1881
Potchefstroom surrendered to the Boers	Mar. 21, 1881
Terms of Peace agreed to	Mar. 23, 1881
Sir Owen Lanyon left Pretoria	April 8, 1881
Royal Commission opened at Newcastle	May 10, 1881
Royal Commission left for Pretoria	June 2, 1881
Trial for Murder of Malcolm and Captain Elliott at Pretoria	June 18-25, 1881
Convention signed by Transvaal (Krugers, Pretorius, and Joubert)	Aug. 3, 1881
Government of the Transvaal transferred to the Boers	Aug. 8, 1881
New Volksraad opened at Pretoria	Sept. 21, 1881
Convention ratified	Oct. 25, 1881
Evacuation of the Transvaal by British Troops	Nov. 18, 1881
Mr. G. Hudson appointed First British Resident in the Transvaal	Nov. 1881
Great Thanksgiving Meeting of the Boers at Paardekraal for popular confirmation of the Convention	Dec. 13-16, 1881
Transvaal Deputies, Kruger and others, received by Lord Derby	Nov. 7, 1883
Convention signed, the Transvaal to be called the South African Republic under British Suzerainty	Feb. 27, 1884
Boer Filibusters seize and annex Montsioa's land in Bechuanaland; sanctioned by proclamation; withdrawn on remonstrance	Sept., Oct., 1884
Sir H. Robinson's Ultimatum requiring Protection of the Frontiers	Oct. 14, 1884
Johannesburg founded through the development of gold mining	1887

Jameson surrendered after another fight at Vlakfontein	Jan. 2, 1896
Johannesburg surrendered unconditionally at the advice of the British Government	Jan. 2, 1896
The German Emperor congratulated Kruger	Jan. 2, 1896
Some of the Reform Committee at Johannesburg arrested	Jan. 6, 1896
Dr. Jameson and other Prisoners handed over to Sir H. Robinson	Jan. 7, 1896
The British South Africa Company requested a judicial inquiry into the circumstances of the Raid	Jan. 7, 1896
General Amnesty at Johannesburg	Jan. 9, 1896
Members of the Reform Committee arrested	Jan. 10, 1896
Preliminary trial of Reform leaders at Pretoria	Feb. 3, 1896
Despatch from Mr. Chamberlain insisting on redress of Uitlanders' grievances	April 13, 1896
Trial of Reform Leaders. Sentence of death passed on Colonel Rhodes and others, afterwards commuted to imprisonment and banishment	April 24-29, 1896
Resignation of Sir Jacobus de Wet, British Agent in Pretoria	May 11, 1896
Reform Leaders released on payment of 25,000l. each, or in default, banishment	June 11, 1896
Mr. Conyngham Greene appointed British Agent at Pretoria	Aug., 1896
Indemnity claimed for the Jameson Raid (1,677,938l. 3s. 3d.)	Mar. 19, 1897
Defensive Alliance between Transvaal and Orange Free State	June, 1897
Alien Immigration Bill repealed	May 7, 1897
Krugers in the Volksraad denied the Suzerainty of Great Britain	Aug. 24, 1897
Krugers elected President for the third time	Feb. 10, 1898
Chief Justice Kotze illegally dismissed from office	Feb. 16, 1898
Despatch to Mr. Chamberlain to the effect that the Transvaal Government could not recognise British Suzerainty, but would abide by the Convention of 1884	May 24, 1898



FROM A SKETCH BY A. M. JOHNSTON

PAINT BY WAL PAGET

The company with a battalion of another Irish regiment (the Royal Irish Fusiliers) the 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers greatly distinguished itself at the battle of Dundee. Both battalions of the regiment will be sent to South Africa, the 1st having been ordered out. The men of the 2nd Battalion travelled to Ladysmith in open coal trucks, there being carriages sufficient for the officers only. The line has such sharp curves that three short trains had to be used to convey the battalion instead of one long one.

The line has such sharp curves that three short trains had to be used to convey the battalion instead of one long one.

THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS LEAVING PIETERMARITZBURG FOR THE FRONT

Orange River	1848
Orange River	1854
Severe	1876
British	May 25, 1877
Transvaal	July, 1878
Great	1878
Sir	Jan. 10, 1879
Sir	April 10, 1879
Sir	April 12, 1879
The	Sept. 27, 1879
Armed	Dec., 1879
Armed	Dec. 10, 1879
Armed	Jan., 1880
Sir	March, 1880
Sir	April 4, 1880
Sir	July, 1880
Sir	August, 1880
Armed	Aug. 11, 1880
Fourth	Oct., 1880
Re	Dec. 8, 1880
Disaster	Dec. 16, 1880
Sir	Dec. 20, 1880
Public	Dec. 21, 1880
Public	Dec., 1880 to Mar., 1881

Visit of President Kruger to Johannesburg resisted by a violent crowd	Mar. 4, 1890
Agreement for Swaziland signed by President Kruger	Aug. 4, 1890
About 100 Boers prevented by the police from crossing the Limpopo River	July 2, 1891
Malaboch's stronghold in Zoutpansberg stormed by the Boers	June 1894
Sir H. B. Loch visits Pretoria to obtain redress of the grievances of British and Foreign Residents	June 26, 1894
British Subjects exempted from Military Service by the Transvaal Government	June 28, 1894
Revolt of Kaffirs in Zoutpansberg	Aug. 13, 1894
Malaboch and 200 of his followers imprisoned at Pretoria	Aug. 18, 1894
Kaffirs defeated	Aug. 29, 1894
Kaffirs surrendered	Sept. 13, 1894
Swaziland Convention passed by the Volksraad	Feb. 13, 1895
Rebellion in Zoutpansberg suppressed after severe fighting	June 11, 1895
Protest of the British Government at the closing of the Vaal River Drifts, Nov. 4. Agreed to	Nov. 8, 1895
The Uitlanders demand a voice in public affairs	Dec., 1895
The National Union issues a Manifesto	Dec. 26, 1895
Dr. Jameson crossed the Frontier with a force from Pitsani Pitlogo	Dec. 29, 1895
Colonel Grey and others started from Mafeking with about 460 men of the Chartered Company's Forces	Dec. 30, 1895
Sir H. Robinson telegraphed to Dr. Jameson to retire	Dec. 30, 1895
Mr. Chamberlain and Sir H. Robinson intervened to stop hostilities and offered co-operation to Kruger	Dec. 31, 1895
Jameson's party defeated by the Boers near Krugersdorp	Jan. 1, 1896

President Steyn of the Orange Free State visited President Kruger	Sept. 20, 1894
Protocol of the Swaziland Convention signed	Oct. 5, 1894
A Uitlander named Edgar shot by a Boer policeman	Dec. 19, 1894
Petition from Uitlanders to the Queen praying for an impartial trial of the Uitlander	Dec. 23, 1894
Petition to the Queen signed by 21,000 Uitlanders for redress of grievances	Mar. 24, 1899
President Kruger visited Johannesburg, and said he would propose to the Volksraad to reduce the qualifying term of residence by five years, and after a short period make it shorter still	April 1, 1899
Conference, at Bloemfontein, between Sir A. Milner and President Kruger	May 30, 1899
Bloemfontein Conference terminated without any agreement being arrived at	June 6, 1899
Mr. Hofmeyr visited Pretoria to confer with Mr. Keitz	July 5, 1899
New Franchise Law before the Volksraad	July, 1899
Large Meeting in Johannesburg condemning the New Franchise Law	July 26, 1899
Proposal for a Joint Inquiry by Mr. Chamberlain, and alternative proposals made by Mr. Kruger. Troops concentrated on the Natal Frontier	Aug., 1899
British Despatch to the Transvaal setting forth demands for immediate acceptance	Sept. 8, 1899
Unsatisfactory Boer Reply	Sept. 16, 1899
Troops despatched to Natal	Oct. 1, 1899
Boer Ultimatum received, practically declaring War	Oct. 9, 1899
British Reply published	Oct. 13, 1899

Aid to the Wounded in South Africa

In the war with the Transvaal, the care of the wounded will be of a different kind, and on a different scale, from that of any warfare in which British forces have been hitherto engaged. In the numerous little wars in which England has taken part during the present generation, the Army has itself looked after the wounded, and one has to go back to the Crimea to find instances of voluntary aid on a large scale from outside. Since that time ambulance and hospital work on the field have become an integral part of the Army machine, both in England and on the Continent; and France and Germany, one of whom at least learnt some terrible lessons on the subject in the Franco-German War, have emulated one another in the completeness of their hospital transport, and in the provision of such novelties as "hospital trains." After the battle of Sedan, so Sir William MacCormac told the writer, 10,000 wounded were brought into the schoolrooms and churches of the little town within the space of seven days, and there were barely a dozen surgeons to attend to them. The frightful incidents of that time have been told in Zola's "Débâcle;" one may believe that they can never recur. With the development of medical aid and transport on service, the need for them has grown. A battle now is a very different affair from what it was in the Crimea, or even in the Franco-German War; and the effectiveness of modern artillery has put a very different complexion upon the uses and necessities of field hospitals. A field hospital used to be very near the fighting line. It was often actually under fire. In the study of Sir John Furley—who, with Sir William MacCormac, has been largely responsible for the organisation of the voluntary aid to the wounded during the present campaign—are three or four patched-up shells which actually exploded about the field hospitals in which he worked during the Franco-German and Carlist campaigns. The position of the field hospital was placed, in fact, on the borderland between danger and safety. But nowadays, when artillery fire is commonly effective at 4,000 yards, no field hospital could be allowed sufficiently near the fighting line to permit of the wounded being taken directly to it, and the organisation of aid has been altogether altered.

In the first place all the effective aid on the field will be that of the Army Medical Corps. Voluntary aid will confine itself to the lines of communication between the field and the base hospital, and between the base and general hospitals. The following may be taken as accurately describing the working organisation. Accompanying the fighting line are the bearer companies of the Army Medical Corps, three or four men to each regular regimental company. When a man drops out wounded the Army Medical Corps men pick him up and take him to the nearest "dressing station," where he is attended to as quickly as possible. From the "dressing station" the wounded are taken to "collecting stations," the collecting stations being placed, like the dressing stations, at points where some slight shelter is obtainable. In the case of the "collecting stations," it is possible, of course, to select more effective shelter than at the dressing stations, where shelter is more a matter of improvisation. From the collecting stations the wounded are carried as quickly as possible to the field hospital. Here, generally speaking, they remain a day; and are then removed to the base hospital. "The object of a field hospital," to quote an expression of Surgeon-General Jameson, Director-General of the Army Medical Service, "is to keep itself empty"—for further emergencies, of course.

A field hospital is a very elaborate institution as at present constructed. It has attached to it, as we have already noticed, a staff to bring in the wounded, men of the Army Service Corps; it has also its own appointed inside staff. Its official details are as follows:—Beds, 100; officers, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 1 quartermaster, 1 warrant officer; non-



THE GRAVE OF SIR GEORGE POMEROY-COLLEY ON THE AMAJUBA MOUNTAIN
From a Photograph by Henry Kisch, Durban

commissioned officers, 1 staff sergeant, 6 sergeants, 4 corporals; privates, 23; total 40. The details of the Army Service Corps attached to the Field Hospital are as follows:—1 warrant officer, staff sergeant-major, 1 sergeant, 1 second corporal, 5 batmen, 2 supernumeraries; horses: 5 private horses, 1 public horse. Carts are provided by the Army Service Corps as well as drivers.

There are eight wagons for general service, one forage wagon and one water cart. Total of Army Service Corps men attached to field hospital, twenty-three; and this, added to the inside staff, brings the total number of officers and men attached to a field hospital to sixty-one. It must be understood that the lieutenant-colonel, the major, the captain, the lieutenant are officers of the Army Medical Corps, and are, therefore, the surgeons in charge. There are no women nurses.

The present war, as already remarked, is signalling a new disposition of the aid which is supplied by voluntary aid societies. The National Society for Aid to the Wounded, the St. John's Ambulance Association, and the Army Nursing Reserve have, by their own efforts, under the supervision and with the assistance of the War Office, into a Central "Red Cross" Committee. All voluntary effort will pass through the channel of this committee. The officers and nurses of the new "Red Cross" Society will have no share in the work on the field, but will specialise themselves to the organisation of the transport of the wounded. The Society will establish sick transports "in the form of convoys by road, rail, and water, including the formation of a permanent of supplementary rest stations along the routes traversed by sick and wounded" and "supplementary hospital accommodation in the form of reserve hospitals, convalescent hospitals." The Society will also undertake the formation and maintenance of special depots at the base. Best of all, the work of the voluntary Societies will be under the supreme direction of Sir William MacCormac, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, whose experience on more than one "stricken field," added to the influence which his great knowledge and skill as a surgeon will make him an ideal director of such an undertaking. The object of the work of the new "Red Cross" Committee will be specially mentioned. It is that, as far as possible, the Society will supply those creature comforts which are especially valuable in the case of sick and wounded men, but which are rigorous of a military campaign do not always admit of their being provided with. The "chicken and champagne" side of war will not be altogether lost sight of in the case of some of the more fortunate out in South Africa. So far as the transport and base hospitals are concerned, there we may rest assured that all that can be done to make wounds and sickness more bearable will be done. A hospital ship, chartered by the society, is already making the completion of its equipment; a hospital train is being constructed, and the contractors are working at it night and day. The hospital train, when complete, will have 100 beds distributed along its communicating Pullman carriages; it will have arrangements for cooking, and a complete medical and nursing staff. In the train will be attached five surgeons, two of the Army Medical Corps and three of them civilians. It will have also four nurses and twenty hospital attendants. The train is being fully equipped and fitted out with the perfection of medical ingenuity, under the supervision of Sir John Furley, who has, during the last two months, been in consultation with the War Office authorities on subjects connected with the care of the wounded. To sum up the arrangements for the adequate reception and treatment of the wounded in South Africa one may add that there will be twelve field hospitals, four stationary or base hospitals, and four general hospitals, each with its complete staff. The distribution of these hospitals will be determined by the officers commanding in South Africa, and must depend on the manner in which the military situation develops.

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Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

TEN years ago the Nonconformist conscience was very much in evidence; to-day the Athletic conscience has replaced it. A large number of rich and well-known young men have left and are leaving England for South Africa for the purpose of offering their services to Sir Redvers Buller. Their only dread appears to be that they will be used to garrison Cape Town instead of being sent to the front. Many of them are taking their own horses to the Cape, and some have gone so far as to offer to equip small bodies of volunteers for active service.

Sir Redvers Buller has taken with him to the Cape the flag which is destined to replace the Boer Standard in front of President Kruger's official residence at Pretoria. Lord Kitchener also took with him, when he started for Khartoum, the British Standard which was to float over the Khalifa's city. Napoleon III. was accompanied on his journey to Berlin by a newly designed and gorgeous throne, which he intended to use when he reached the German capital. It was captured by the Germans.

The excellent performances of the artillery in the recent encounters in the Transvaal must inevitably modify the views which it is notorious Lord Wolseley holds as regards that branch of the Service. Lord Wolseley, by his teaching and by his example, has continually made known that his opinion of the artillery is not high. Artillery officers are naturally jubilant now that the usefulness of this branch of the military force has been demonstrated so signally.

Diplomatists, British and foreign, ridicule rumours published in the British Press to the effect that certain European Powers contemplate interfering with Great Britain either now or when the terms of peace come to be discussed. Germany and France are, for the moment, not in a position, either singly or in combination, to enter upon a war with a Great Britain. Such a war would have to be waged on the sea, where the advantage would be preponderantly on our side. Russia is not financially in a position at this moment to engage in so great an adventure.

A large amount of German, French and Russian capital is invested in South African enterprises, and, naturally, those who have their capital employed in these concerns look forward hopefully to the victory of the British forces. Such a victory will send up shares to a maximum point. The foreign Press should not be taken too seriously. Its fury, no doubt, arouses hatred against the English,

but the public on the Continent does not control the developments of foreign policy as it does in Great Britain.

The public will be surprised when it learns the names of the war correspondents who are risking life and limb in South Africa to provide the latest news for various newspaper readers in England. Many Peers with the Fleet Street passport in one pocket and Fleet Street pay in the other, are moving towards the front as special



THE CROWN PRINCESS STEPHANIE

correspondents. The latest recruit to this branch of the Press army is Lord Delawarr, who has gone to South Africa as special correspondent for the *Globe*.

It is interesting and instructive to compare the estimated losses of the Germans in some of the battles fought during the Franco-Prussian war with our recent losses when our troops have been

engaged in the Transvaal. At the battle of Courcelles the Prussians acknowledged to have lost 6,000 in killed and wounded. At the battle of Mars-la-Tour they lost 15,000 men and horses. At the battle of Rezonville 22,000. Beside these figures our losses appear absurdly small.

Lord Pauncefoot and the British Minister at The Hague—who were the representatives of this country at the Conference—were off their labours in a despatch which has been published this week. In that document they gracefully give expressions of "high appreciation" of both of the services of Mr. Arthur Peel, and Mr. Ronald Hamilton. In the case of Mr. Maxwell it is to be expected that this expression of appreciation will lead to his receiving a C.B. The names of our Minister at The Hague and of Mr. E. F. M. are also in the New Year's Honours' List.

In Austrian Royal Wedding

ANOTHER coming Royal wedding slightly different from England, for the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria intended to leave her home amongst us when she marries the young Hungarian diplomatist, Count Lonyaz, Attaché to the Austrian Embassy in London. Quite a romance attaches to the union. The Count had been with the handsome Archduchess some years ago, and for the prospect of marriage hopeless, he went off to Africa in the hope of forgetting her. On his return some months ago he met the Princess Stephanie in Rome, and found himself as much in love as ever. This time the Princess was not indifferent to her lover, but there were many obstacles in the way of the wedding. The Austrian Crown Prince marrying a simple nobleman, a Hungarian magnate though he might be. Count Elemer Lonyaz, however, can trace his descent back to the great Magyar hero, Arpad. At last, however, all difficulties have been overcome, and the Austrian Emperor has consented to the match on condition that Princess Stephanie renounces her rights and dignities as an Austrian Archduchess. Her position as a Belgian Princess will remain unchanged, and she will have a dowry from the Austrian nation. The Princess has been a widow for over ten years, although now only thirty-five—a year younger than her future husband. Her union with the late Crown Prince Rudolph scarcely lasted seven years. The coming marriage will part the Princess from her only daughter, the Archduchess Elizabeth, who must remain in Austria. Our portrait is by Otmar von Türk, Vienna.

We have received the following maps of the seat of the war:—From the Intelligence Department, War Office, a military sketch of the Biggarsberg and the communications in Natal on a scale of four miles to one inch; and from Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, a map of South Africa with inset of the Boer Republics, presented with Part I. of "Battles of the Nineteenth Century." We have also received from William Clowes and Sons, Limited, a chart showing the organisation of the South African Field Force, with a complete list of the Staffs selected for service in South Africa.

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"ON TRIAL"

"ON TRIAL," by "Zack" (Blackwood and Sons), is a distinct improvement on its author's first work—a number of impressive but very morbid stories entitled "Life is Life." That it is too sad, one may almost say too true, to be pleasant reading, does not, of course, detract from its claims to notice based upon ability and power. Its subject is a naturally weak and cowardly character, too weak even to be wholly bad, and continually contending with good instincts that never prevail. Dan Pigott, the nephew of a stern and "uprightful" Devonshire farmer, has enlisted, but is bought off from foreign service by his seventeen-year-old sweetheart—how

she has obtained the money he has never inquired. But, on his way home he casually learns that she has turned out a thief—and well he knows why. But, fearing the loss of his uncle's favour and farm if he makes a clean breast of his own benefit by the transaction, he lets her bear the whole burden of the scandal. She does bear it, because, despite her knowledge of his cowardice, she loves him still. But, unluckily for him, her letter in which she had sent him the money has fallen into the hands of an unscrupulous scoundrel, who is thus enabled to trade upon his timidity and to lead him into all manner of evil courses till, driven at last to bay, he is killed in a scuffle with the man who has become his evil genius—so far as he had not always been his own. Such is the bare outline of the story, of which all the best part cannot be appreciated without perusal. We must, for example, hasten to add that what will be found unpleasant about it belongs to the story alone. Nothing could be more pleasant than its pictures of Devon scenery, and of Devon manners and talk, always characteristic and never overdrawn. In every essential respect the novel more than fulfils all former promise, and is more than ordinarily well worth reading.

"TERENCE"

Mrs. B. M. Croker dedicates to the cause of "Irish Tourist Development" a bright and pleasant volume which should go at any rate an appreciable step in the direction of its purpose (Chatto and Windus). Of course young ladies must not expect all the luck of Miss Maureen in finding a "Terence" even in romantic Kerry. Exceptionally eligible husbands do not grow on every coach-box, even there. But under merely ordinary guidance any reader of the story bearing his name should be well prepared to get the utmost enjoyment from the scenery of a district which many know, but few know well. The novel is somewhat on the lines of William Black's travels in phaëton or houseboat, but a good deal fuller of incident and adventure—indeed, but for the unfailing readiness of Terence to rise to every imaginable occasion, a matrimonial catastrophe might have made the memory of a visit to Kerry anything but an unmingled pleasure.

"SELLCUT'S MANAGER"

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, in what we believe to be her first appearance as a novelist, expresses views on the mission of music halls which may possibly be not altogether counsels of unattainable perfection. At any rate, there is never any harm, and often much good, in aiming even impractically high. The hero of "Sellcut's Manager" (Grant Richards) is a high minded and self-less gentleman who develops a place of entertainment, well known somewhere in the provinces as "Sellcut's," into a hall of the future to be conducted on such model lines as to be auspiciously opened by Royalty. How those are to fare who may continue to prefer an older style of management we are not told—but we must refer the reader to Mrs. Chant herself for the formation of opinion. As to the story itself, the manager has an exceptionally full share of unmerited trouble. He has matrimonially tied himself—out of his excessive chivalry—to a professional lady of weak intellect and addicted to the bottle. To her he devotes himself with an angelic, rather than merely heroic, patience; and the task becomes the harder when he wins the intimate friendship of a woman in every way worthy of his heart and mind. Mrs. Chant's excellently intended story will duly satisfy any possibly anxious reader as to how the smiles of Royalty beamed not only upon a successful manager but upon a happy man.

"THE BOND OF BLACK"

Mr. William le Queux, good as he is at developing the plot of a mystery, has found the plot of "The Bond of Black" (Blackwood and Co.) almost too much even for him to handle. It is done with a young woman who cannot direct her own fate, a crucifix, or any other devotional object, without its being turned to ashes? One thinks of witchcraft—the evil eye—the solutions of sorts that can never fail to interest the reader well handled. Nothing but disappointment comes of the temporarily mystified reader learns that the whole is a fraud carried out by the unwilling tool of a villain, who in order to get possession of articles of value, and that the society is one of devil-worshippers, who carry out their rites in a suburban cellar, fails to prove effective.



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le Queux is reduced to calling in the police to set things straight for him, the necessity is unfortunate indeed. For extravagance of incident, Mr. le Queux must receive, of course, all the credit which this can deserve when not allied with anything better.

"The Black Tulip"

No social problem is involved in Mr. Sydney Grundy's latest gleaming from the rich fields of Dumasian romance, nor does psychology lend its artful aid in the setting forth of the story of the love of Dr. Cornelis van Baerle, the enthusiastic cultivator of tulips, for Rosa Gryphus, the beautiful daughter of the grim jailer of Puytenhof. *The Black Tulip* is, in brief, a simple, old-fashioned romance in which no strong conflict of passion, or other element of excitement, is permitted to disturb the prevailing tone of prettiness and gentle sentiment. I had almost added that from the rise to the fall of the curtain no Commandment is broken, when I remembered the wicked Boxtel's trick of bearing false witness against his next-door neighbour and rival tulip grower, Van Baerle, and was visited by a doubt whether the obligations of filial piety could be reconciled with Rosa's persistent habit of conniving at the escape of her father's prisoners. But whether these peculiarities are matters of praise or blame, it is at least certain that this adaptation of Dumas' novel gave genuine pleasure to the HAYMARKET audience on Saturday evening, and was received with a cordiality which bodes well for the prospects of this latest venture of the prosperous HAYMARKET management. There is no need to tell in any detail how Mr. Grundy, walking in the footsteps of the French romancist, provides this story of sentiment with a certain historical background, and blends with this the episode of Tulipomania in the Netherlands—not that fierce, speculative passion comparable with John Law's Mississippi mania and our own South Sea Bubble, which once brought the Hollanders to the brink of ruin, but the Dutch worship of this flower from a purely horticultural point of view, into which the older tulip frenzy is at this time (1672) supposed to have subsided. Boxtel is a rascally neighbour, who watches Van Baerle's proceedings, extracts tulip secrets from his too confiding rival, and when the latter is cast into prison on a false charge of plotting with his godfather, Cornelis de Witt, against the newly elected Stadtholder William of Orange, endeavours to steal the long coveted black tulip and secure to himself the magnificent prize of 100,000 florins offered by the Haarlem Horticultural Society. But he has reckoned without the beautiful Rosa, who, falling in love with her father's captive, plants one of his precious bulbs in a flower pot, which she watches with the tenderness of Isabella for her pot of basil, till the final expanding of the jet black blossom proclaims the solution of the long studied horticultural problem. The scenes between Rosa and Van Baerle—their furtive conferences at the barred wicket of his cell, their persecutions at the hands of the morose

jailer, Gryphus, and their schemes for thwarting the machinations of the wily Boxtel, are the most interesting features in the play. The position grows dark when Boxtel, profiting by his visits to his friend, the jailer, contrives to make off with the precious flower; but Rosa manages to secure the prison keys and sets the captive free just in time to turn up with him at the great fête in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, and expose the fictitious claims of Boxtel to the great prize. This stage in the story brings us to the fifth act, in which the sagacious and kindly Stadtholder—who was destined long afterwards, in association with his beloved consort, Queen Mary, to rule over this realm, takes upon himself to hear the evidence and decide the case, with what result will be easily guessed. The great flower show and fête, with its dances, its brilliant pageantry, and its wealth of colour revealed in their full glory when the curtains of the Royal pavilion are finally thrown back, are very beautiful and striking, and surely never was seen on the stage a prettier sight than Miss Winifred Emery in her picturesque national wedding costume. As in the case of Mr. Barrie's Little Minister, the touch of quaint eccentricity in the character of Van Baerle brings the part within Mr. Cyril Maude's range, though the portrait is not wanting in sentiment and feeling of a quiet kind. Miss Winifred Emery's Rosa is a pure delight, and Mr. Sydney Valentine's surly jailer a very imaginative performance; while Mr. Frederick Harrison, in his splendid State costume, is a very imposing, as well as a very pleasing, personage. The less conspicuous characters are, without an exception, very carefully played by Mr. Mark Kinghorne, Mr. Tyler, Mr. Samuel Johnson, Mr. J. S. Blythe, Mr. J. H. Brewer and Mrs. E. H. Brooke.

The annual net gains of the THÉÂTRE FRANCAIS go on increasing—last year they reached a total in round numbers of 800,000 francs, equal to 32,000l. divisible among a company of twenty-eight persons. Yet the *sociétaires* are dissatisfied, and talk of the "ruin" impending over the famous theatre which still glories in the name of the Maison de Molière, and when they look abroad and take note of the splendid salaries and shares earned by stars like Madame Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin they certainly find reason for their discontent. In the statement of the division of profits last year, the leading actors, M. Mounet Sully and M. Worms, head the list with rather less than 1,700l. each, while Madame Reichenberg and Madame Baretta, the two principal actresses, receive each a little under that sum.

It is true that each *sociétaire* on retiring becomes entitled to a life annuity of 200l. But even taking this into account, together with some minor advantages, the remuneration seems paltry when compared with the salary earned by many a performer on our stage of far less distinction. What will they think of the announcement that Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has just been engaged by the long-headed and enterprising impresario, Mr. Charles Morton, to recite a poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling nightly at the PALACE Theatre at a salary of 100l. a week, which that lady has generously promised to hand over to the Lord Mayor's Fund for the benefit of the widows and children of officers and men killed in the war in South Africa?

Except writing a good play, there is probably nothing more difficult for a dramatic author than inventing a good title. The best thanks of the playwright will, therefore, be due to the author of

The Wrong Mr. Wright, with which the STRAND Theatre will re-open its doors on Monday. Obviously, a title like this is capable of endless variations. All that seems needed is to give a name for the hero which is susceptible of a similar antithesis. *The Fair Mr. Dark* will at once suggest itself, together with *The Tall Mr. Short*, *The Brave Mr. Coward*, and *The Fierce Mr. Mild*. Now that the authors of *The Gaiety Girl*, *The Circus Girl*, *The A.B.C. Girl*, *The Runaway Girl*, and other musical comedies appear to have well-nigh exhausted the capabilities of the STRAND title seems to be well worth their attention.

TERRY'S Theatre re-opened on Monday under the management of Mr. Scott-Buist, with a play by N. Parker, entitled *Captain Birchell's Luck*. The play is a revised and partly re-written version of a play by Mr. Parker at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre seven years ago, under the title of *Chris; or, A Wasted Life*. Its story bears a resemblance to that of Mr. Pinero's *Money-Spinner*. It presents several strong situations, and is well acted by Mr. Scott-Buist and his company. As the author has now provided his play with a happy ending, in the place of the sombre dénouement of the original, it may be that it is destined to win more favour than it has hitherto enjoyed. It met with a cordial reception at the hands of the audience on Monday, and will doubtless hold its ground till the return of Mr. Edward Terry and his company.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has determined upon Monday, the 18th inst., for the opening of the luxurious and comfortable new theatre in Charing Cross Road which is to bear his name. It is not usual to produce new plays amidst the bustle and excitement of an occasion of this kind. Mr. Wyndham will accordingly confine himself for the present to a revival of *David Copperfield*, in which he will repeat his immensely popular impersonation.

The new play by "George Fleming," which is to succeed *The Moonlight Blossom* at the PRINCE OF WALES Theatre, is called *The Canary*. It is, like Dr. Ibsen's famous *Det første skridt*, a story of a wife who rebels against being treated like a household pet, and longs for self-cultivation and independence. Hence the significance of the title. Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Forbes Robertson will be the man and wife in question.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau falls due next year, so preparations begin this month. The parts are being allotted, and in most cases will fall to fresh people, recent representatives having grown too old or otherwise unsuitable. For instance, Maier will not again represent our Lord, owing to advancing age and infirmities. There seems some danger that the Play will lose much of its primitive charm and devotion owing to the fresh arrangements being made to meet modern requirements. Instead of the performances being entirely outdoors, a large iron theatre is being built where the spectators will sit under cover, although the stage remains in the open air. A still greater innovation will be a service of electric motor-cars, bringing visitors from Oberan in half an hour, whilst a regular tourists' office to assign lodgings will be opened in the village. A larger crowd of spectators than ever is expected, judging by the applications already received. Twenty-eight performances will be given, beginning on May 20 and closing at the end of September.



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The War in the Magazines

WHAT IS TO COME

MR. EDWARD DICEY is foremost among those who have already begun to speculate as to what is to come when our supremacy has once been firmly established in South Africa. The danger which is present in his mind is that we may be tempted to be too magnanimous to a fallen foe, and conclude peace before the objects for which we went to war have been fully secured. This, he seems to think, is a very real danger. He wants to see the Boer armies disbanded and disarmed, the forts razed to the ground, and a military occupation of Pretoria and Bloemfontein—not out of any spirit of vindictiveness, but for the simple reason that in this prosaic world magnanimity is apt to be mistaken for pusillanimity.

We have the power to carry on the war till the resistance of the Boers is crushed; and by so doing we shall in the end have secured the peace and prosperity of South Africa, have upheld the credit of England, and have consolidated the British Empire, the mightiest agency for the cause of civilisation, solidated the British Empire, the mightiest agency for the cause of civilisation, solidated the British Empire, the mightiest agency for the cause of civilisation.

THE WAR AND AFTER

The crisis in South Africa is dealt with by two writers in the *Fortnightly*, who both prefer to write anonymously. The first article, "A South African Settlement," is distinctly optimistic in tone. It looks forward confidently to the time when "sooner or later, at the cost, it may be, of much blood and certainly of a vast amount of treasure, England will be able to show a 'clean slate' in South Africa." President Kruger has thrown the gauntlet down and left us free to rearrange the political map of South Africa, and by his act has "helped, in a material fashion, to consolidate Great Britain and her Colonies in either hemisphere more than could ever have been done by half a score of peaceful colonial conferences in the Metropolis." It is a good thing, thinks the author, to have driven Boer diplomats, allied with Continental intrigues, Irish malcontents, and the whole crew of motley conspirators against the British Crown, into the open, and he has no doubt as to the issue. But granted that the Republics disappear from the political map, what then? The Free State, he thinks, should not lose territory but autonomy. It should be placed under the direct control of the High Commissioner of South Africa as a distinct territorial district, but the Transvaal, because its sins are greater, would need to be dealt with more vigorously. An Alsace and Lorraine should be taken from it, and its southern boundary be a line drawn from Mafeking on the west to Komatie Poort on the east. The present frontier gives the Boer too many advantages, strategic and otherwise. With this new arrangement, with the country under the direct control of the High Commissioner, and the President, as in the Free State, a nominee of the Imperial Government, the Boers' wings of ambition would have been considerably clipped—the more so because the substantial strip of territory placed between the Orange River Sovereignty and the Transvaal would be a sufficient guarantee against plots and treason in the future. It is all a little premature, perhaps, but there is nothing like looking ahead.

DOUBTFUL FRIENDS

The second writer does little more than review the military situation, giving by the way also a carefully tabulated statement of the organisation, composition, and principal commanders of the Army Corps now being embarked, but he concludes with a strong indictment of the Cape and its politics. The political situation in the Cape, he justly says, causes greater anxiety than any passing military difficulties which for the moment confront our troops.

Allowance will be made for the delicate position in which the Cape Ministry finds itself placed. The Dutch population of the Cape is 265,000; the British only 194,000. Under these circumstances enthusiastic espousal of the Imperial cause is not expected from a Ministry which is responsible to the Dutch majority in the House of Assembly; and when Mr. Schreiner expressed the hope that the Colony would remain neutral, the Imperial Government made no sign of remonstrance. But neutrality must make itself respected. During the Franco-German war both Switzerland and Belgium mobilised their forces to protect their frontiers from violation by the belligerents. The Cape Colony has seen its frontiers crossed, its garrisons attacked, its property confiscated, Kimberley, the seat of its great mineral industry beleaguered, and yet its Government has taken no step in self-defence, except under compulsion from Sir Alfred Milner. The Volunteer forces were not called out until October 17—nearly a week after the first violation of territory. The humiliating position in which Kimberley and Mafeking are now placed might have been avoided had the Cape Ministry acted with the vigour expected from a self-respecting community, able and willing to defend itself from aggression.

DURBAN AS IT WAS

One of the most interesting contributions to an excellent number of *Cornhill* is the first instalment of Sir John Robinson's "South African Reminiscences." Sir John Robinson, late Premier of Natal, went out to South Africa fifty years ago, when the voyage was made by sailing ship—when 117 days were occupied going from London to Natal, and 98 days from Plymouth to Durban, with bad food and shocking accommodation the whole time. Here is his impression of Durban as it was then:—

On a sand-mound above the landing-place stood a little blockhouse, with its garrison of a dozen redcoats, who then sufficed to uphold the majesty of British rule at that remote outpost of the Empire. Two or three old carronades of a type now extinct peeped harmlessly out of the undergrowth. Three or four small thatched cottages, with a more solid brick building in their midst—the Custom-house—represented commerce and civilisation on the threshold of the colony. A winding track, deep in sand, led for two miles through a jungle of thickets and clumps of clumps of clumps to what was supposed to be the "town." Durban then consisted only of about a score or so of thatched shanties with walls of "wattle and daub," scattered about a trackless waste of blown sand, with clumps and patches of "bush" to redeem it from desolation. It was no uncommon thing for new arrivals to wander from end to end of the place without knowing that they were there. The immigrants were mostly emcamped in tents pitched on the outskirts of the bush, the rough wooden "barracks" provided for their accommodation being wholly inadequate for their needs. Some of them, who might have a little money in their pockets, were fortunate enough to secure tenancy of such small hovels (for to English eyes they were nothing better) as might have been erected and left by predecessors. Rougher and humbler abodes could hardly be imagined, and yet to women of gentle nature they seemed havens of rest and comfort after the ships they had left. Nothing by way of domicile could be more crude. The floors were of mud smoothed over with cowdung. Walls might or might not be whitewashed. Doors and window-places might or might not be filled in with planks, calico, or matting. Ceilings were not. The little enclosure outside, which did duty for "kitchen," might or might not be roofed in, but it was certainly without grate or stove. Fires were lit upon the ground, and bits of stone held up the frying-pan, pot, or kettle which sufficed for culinary purposes. As for food, that was a might be. Happy they who could manage to make and bake a loaf that was not leaden or a "scone" that could be masticated.

"It is something," says Sir John, "fifty years later to feel that one has witnessed life under such primitive, if not Arcadian, conditions."

The Royal Society of British Artists

THE vitality of this Society is convincingly proved by its roll of membership, which is fuller than ever, while the number of its exhibitions are awaiting admission. Not fewer than a hundred and fifty gentlemen have the right to exhibit on the walls of the well-constructed Gallery, and most of them exercising the privilege. Mr. Spence-Spenlove, indeed, has a special exhibition of his own, contributing two capital landscapes as well as sixty other pictures, notes of the picturesque spots in England, which will increase a rapidly rising reputation.

It is curious that the large and more striking pictures are not the most satisfactory. Mr. Prescott-Davies's "The Sign of the Cross" is an adaptation to Eve of Mr. Hoffman's "The Sign of the Cross." But why does Mr. Prescott-Davies's picture fall into the absurd blunder of painting Adam with his hands clasped in prayer, which has been consecrated by nearly every artist who has ever painted Adam. The grouping, though weak, is not without merit. Mr. L. Waters' "Salambo" (as the catalogue has it) is a picture of a king in treatment of subject it reminds one of the "Salambo" of "Sin" and of many "Liliths." English and German artists have been seen in current exhibitions; but while neither the "Salambo" nor in pose do we recognise the Salambo of Flaubert, the pictures recall too closely the arrangement and method of the "Salambo." The ambitious "Venus and Cupid" of Mr. Abbey is something fine about it—something of the opulent air of the "Salambo" school; yet the pose and figure of Venus, like that of the "Salambo" school, are borrowed from Titian, the colour is subdued, the absence of life curiously accentuated. Finally, in our list of paintings, we must protest against the rendering of Sir Wyke's "The Cathedral Interiors," interesting and impressive cathedral interiors. The composition of these, in nature, is grey—cold, mysterious grey, and Wyke persistently represents them as a warm brown, brighter, and more cheerful with spots of strong colour such as are never seen in these noble fanes where solemn stillness and cool shadows finally reign.

A few pictures claim special attention. The "Winter Evening" by Mr. Caley Robinson. The nature of the picture is the contrast between the glow of the fire and the cold—perhaps over-accentuated—light of the setting sun. The picture is characteristic of the painter. We have here the same three sisters as he has shown us before, the same still, upright, or "abandoned" poses, the same do-nothing, melancholy, that suggest not a pleasant interior but a lunatic asylum. Yet the work is masterly, alike in emphasis of drawing, in ordered stinging of colour, and in general individuality. In spite of its partial attractiveness, the picture is the most remarkable and the most effective in the exhibition. There is a capital piece of decoration—ship and sea and sky—broadly and strongly wrought in powerful colours. Mr. Martin Bruce's "Pioneers," Mr. Kneen's "Child at the Window" is a rapid and masterly sketch, low in tone and distinguished in manner. Mr. Haite contributes small landscape studies of excellent quality, and Mr. Grace others not less charming in their way. Mr. Gore, Mr. Titcomb, Mr. W. H. J. Boot, and Mr. Terrier Williams all contribute noticeable works—"Landing Fish," by the last-named, being a picture of considerable promise.

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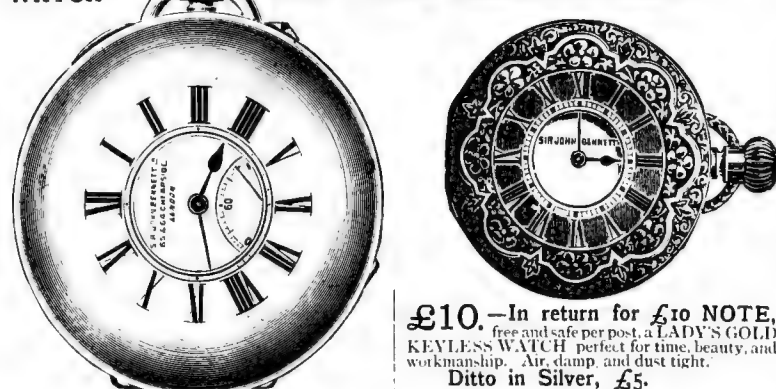
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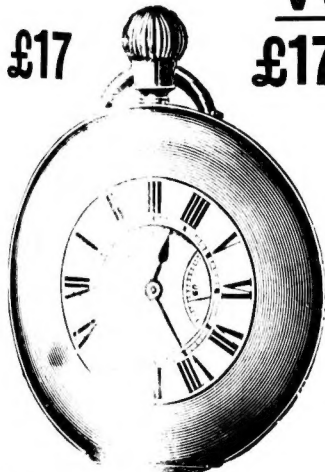


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THE SEASON

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would only serve the excellent purpose of steadying the market, while it is not perhaps expedient to increase the wheat acreage when wheat itself is selling for less than 30s. per qr. The health of the live stock on the farm is now for the most part excellent, and the rain will freshen up the grass for such hardy cattle and sheep as are still "out."

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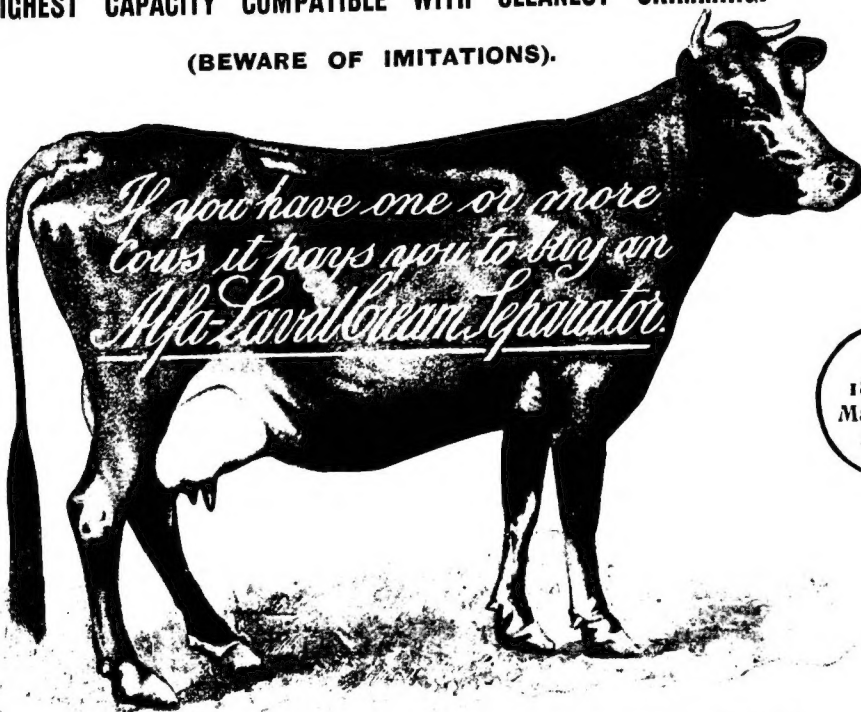
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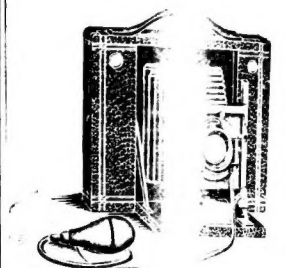
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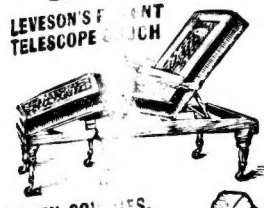
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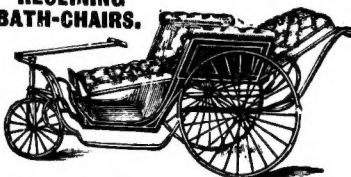
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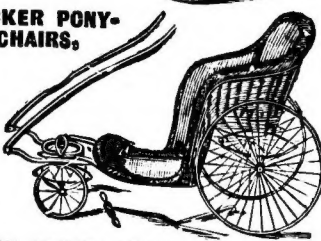
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WICKER PONY-CHAIRS.



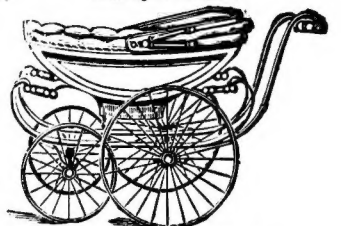
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